NOV. 27, 1937

Literary DIGEST

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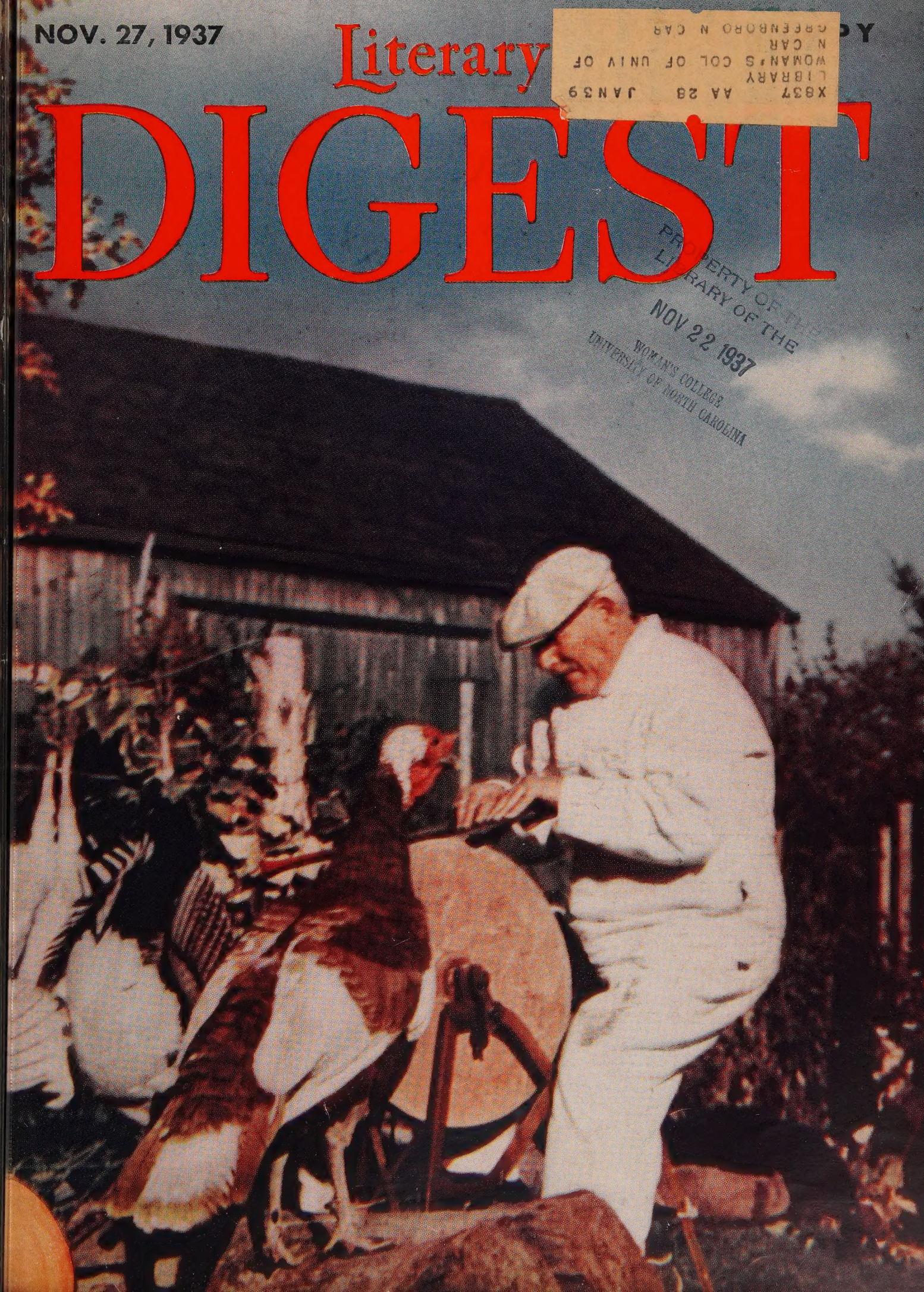


WHO GOES THERE?

17,000,000 dead—17,000,000 soldiers and sailors killed in the last war!

Who are they? Statesmen? Politicians? Big-navy advocates? Munitions manufacturers? Business leaders whose factories hummed during war times? Editors whose papers love to stir up international bad feeling, because it helps circulation?

No—not one!

Just average citizens. Young men with their lives before them.

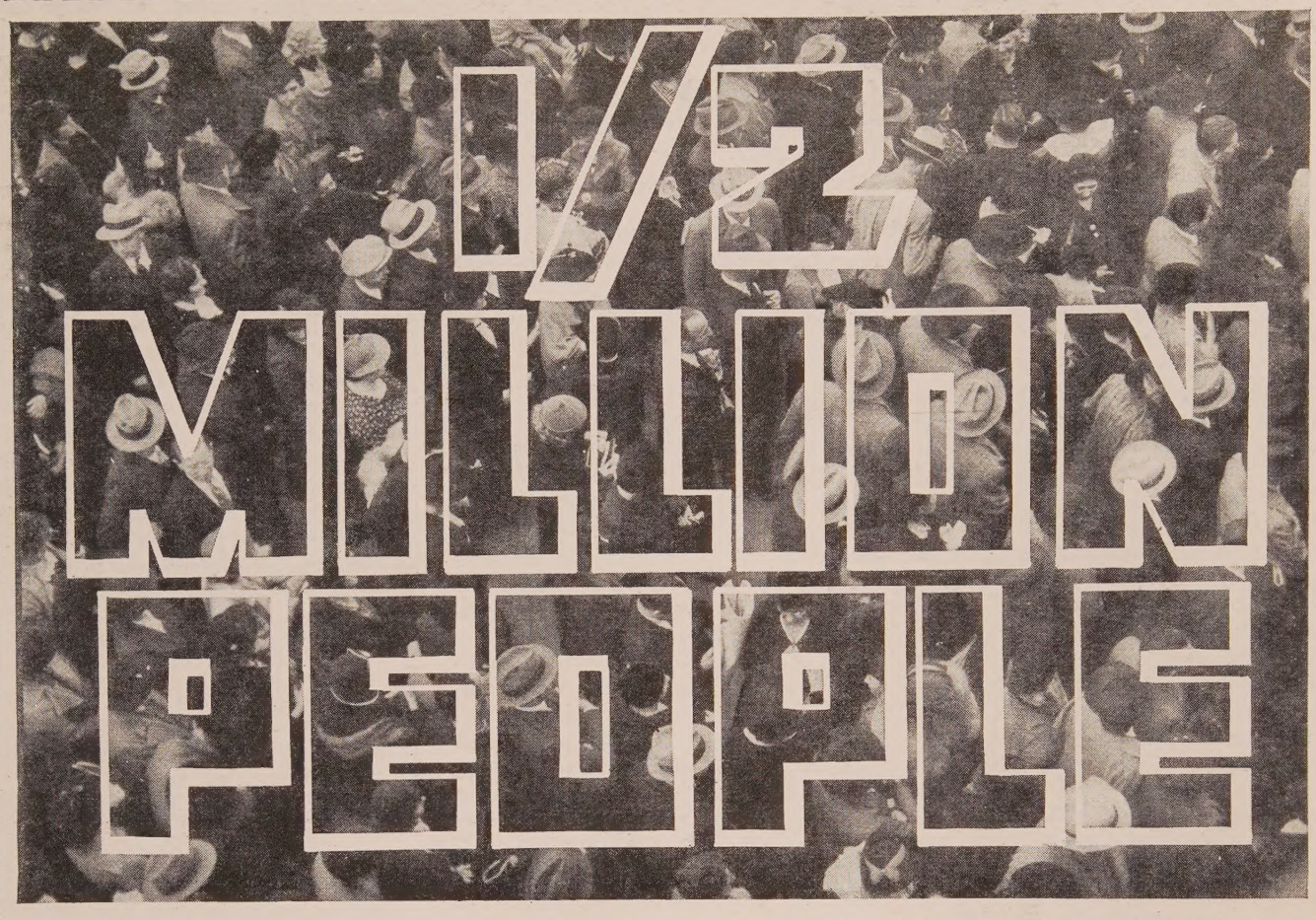
They were told it was glory, and look what they got. Look what *all* of us got! Back-breaking taxes. Economic disorders that have not yet been righted. A bitter defeat for one side, a bitter victory for the other.

Yet the world is drifting toward another war right now. And those who *profit* by war will encourage that drift unless we who *suffer* by war fight them!

What YOU can do about it—

World Peaceways is a non-profit agency the purpose of which is to solidify the desire most people have to abolish the whole silly business of war.

This organization does not claim to have solved the world's troubles or to be able to cure all the world's ills. It does feel, however, that intelligent efforts can *and must* be made against war and toward a secure peace. If you think so, too, we invite you to write for a copy of the World Peaceways program. It will show you how *you* can do your share, however small, in a modern, practical effort to build up a strong public opinion against war. WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Avenue, New York.



Advertising men love to take a huge block of people, stick on a label rigidly classifying them as readers of such-and-such a magazine. A lovely lady parades a stunning mink coat on Park Avenue, and your advertising man immediately spots her as a typical Harper's Bazaar reader. But her maid knows that her reading is limited to the captions under the pictures in the Daily Mirror. A gray templed, sprucely dressed gentleman, spatted and caned, steps through the doors of a Wall Street building. "Ah," says the advertising man, "a typical Fortune subscriber." But the gentleman reads only the financial section of the Times and the Daily Racing Form • Forgetting for the moment pie-charts and tabulated statistics, who reads Literary Digest? Here's the answer. Nearly half a million people buy Literary Digest every week. Each copy is read by, say, three people. Among these folks there are probably a few wife-beaters, perhaps even an occasional chap who doesn't own a dinner coat. But, by and large, they are nice people . . . responsible and alert . . . eating good things . . . living in good homes . . . driving good cars . . . and paying their bills. We think this circulation of nearly half a million people offers a splendid, profitable market for advertisers selling meritorious products and services of every description . . . from breakfast food to round-the-world cruises. • Canny advertisers should take advantage of Literary Digest's present low advertising rates before they go up on January 1.

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Give and Take

Brigands edited

New York, N. Y.—I believe the President's Chicago speech made for peace. It was time for someone in high authority to voice the protest of the moral opinion of the world against the brigand nations. It will not advance the peace of the world to allow these nations to go their way without the verbal castigation they deserve so thoroughly.

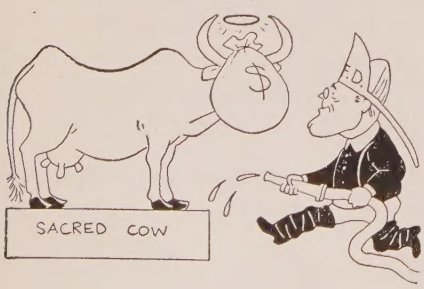
That the President's speech may also lead to hostilities is equally true. At all times any President can put the country into war without the consent and even against the wishes of Congress. We are, therefore, in the hands of the President and the Secretary of State.

At present I believe we are in danger of war, but that danger is not at all increased by the Chicago speech. I wish to see the President nerve the Brussels Conference to protest emphatically against Japan's wrongdoing in China. But this country should let him know in no uncertain terms that it does not intend to go to war with Japan over China. —*Oswald Garrison Villard, associate editor of "The Nation"*

Cold water

Vashon, Wash.—The most pathetic aspect of the celebrated New Deal is its evident purpose of serving merely as a sort of fire department, to meet emergencies that have been recurrently due to the regular practices of this vaunted individualism.

The administration does not yet, seemingly, appreciate that our latest pro-



tracted collapse was due, not to capitalism as an institution, but to the same ineffectual industrial and commercial disorder to which it is now to be returned. It is as if individualism, regardless of its manifest incompetence, its antisocial attitudes, its crime and war-breeding tendencies, its infinite wastage of human powers, were a sort of eternal sacred cow, to be worshiped by all.

We have invented about everything but the most essential thing, a law of human relations, at the forming of which the capitalists stopped half-way.—*Arthur George*

Liquor liberty

New York, N. Y.—From time to time the alcoholic beverage industry will demand more liberty in disposing of its tremendous reserve stock of distilled liquors. In the liquor industry, you have the profit motive at its worst, for its customer becomes a social and economic liability rather than an asset.

The industry has no defensible right to exist. From 1847 until the latest decision, the Supreme Court of the United States has repeatedly held: "There is no inherent right in citizenship to sell intoxicating liquors at retail. It is not the right of a citizen of any state, it is not the right of a citizen of the United States."

The statement that "a million people went back to work with consummation of Repeal," is somewhat inaccurate. The New York Trust Company's *Index* states that in 1914 there were 1204 breweries. In 1935 the total number of breweries was 663, a decrease of nearly 50 per cent. In 1914 the average number of wage earners employed by breweries was 62,026. In 1935 this number had been reduced to 38,975. In 1935 the industry as a whole employed 49,889 wage earners, to whom were paid total wages of $71,164,000.

The increase in the consumption of alcoholic beverages since Repeal, the nature of liquor advertising, the increase of fatal accidents caused by drinking drivers, the increase of the population of county jails and city prisons, plus the more than 100 per cent increase in admissions to the alcoholic wards of our hospitals, demonstrates the alcoholic beverage industry cannot be operated without destroying the public good.—*Fred A. Victor, Anti-Saloon League of New York*

Storm signals

Boston, Mass.—The stock market is interested in what is going to happen rather than what has happened. For several months the market has been loudly proclaiming that business was on the downgrade. This is now painfully evident.

The stock market has been prophesying this in the same way that a falling barometer prophesies an approaching storm. The market sees things in their true light and is not interested in vain promises or the optimistic ravings of those who whistle to keep up their courage. It reflects in a weird way the composite judgment of the people.—*Chandler Hovey, investment house partner*

The final cut

New York, N. Y.—One important factor in the recent stock-market slump is almost certainly the reduction in federal relief funds, and the promise of further cuts. This federal money has been an essential element in the consumer purchasing power which has maintained such prosperity as we have had for the last two or three years.

Since its reduction is actually done by the administration, but in response to the insistent demand of business men, the responsibility should probably be distributed between the two groups.—*Henry Pratt Fairchild, professor of sociology, New York University*

Dream castles

Washington, D. C.—As a student of economics and finance, and, particularly in recent years, of housing finance, I think of the Greenbelt enterprise with certain persistent misgivings when I ponder over the financial implications of the experiment.

The misgivings become acute when I try to imagine how it is ever going to be possible to provide for the great sector of the renting population of the country, for a tiny fragment of which Greenbelt was built, a quality of housing even re-

Literary
DIGEST
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motely approaching the excellence of the Greenbelt structures.

Until the building industry makes enormous advances in efficiency and our methods of land planning, municipal administration, and taxation are drastically reformed, housing of the Greenbelt standard for family incomes of less than an average of $2200 a year must remain, without heavy subsidy, an impossible dream.—*Guy Greer*

Veto the revolution

San José, Costa Rica—why is it that supposedly intelligent citizens call for a form of government—like nazi-ism or communism—that depends on complete censorship and high-pressure propaganda for its safety? Why do they complain of crooked politics and officeholders when they themselves hold the sole power of electing and maintaining these officeholders? Must they preach for a revolution to save the country when there is every essential for change in the ballot box?

If there is any good in a method of government such as that of Germany and Italy or that of the U. S. S. R., it would not be necessary to protect it by censorship and to suppress all groups opposing its decrees.

In democracy every man has a voice in the government, and, if the country goes to pot, it's the voters' fault, not the system's.—*James J. Whitsett*

Broken China

Saugus, Calif.—We all know that there are good and bad people in every nation—and in about the same proportion.

What is Japan doing in China that is any worse than the Chinese have been doing to one another for years, or than England has been doing in India, Ireland, and China? If Japan has broken her word, what about England's word?

One would think we were still a colony of Great Britain, to be again pulling her chestnuts out of the fire. It is absurd to start trouble with Japan because of a fear that she might some time attack us. That is just propaganda.—*L. C. White*

To die is not to die

San Francisco, Calif.—One of the writers on the suicide issue, discussed in your magazine, declared that, in the light of beliefs held by a majority of the human race, suicide is justified. This statement is decidedly questionable, as a great part of humanity believes in reincarnation.

According to this doctrine of rebirth, suffering is the result of evil done in either this or previous lives on earth; and the purpose of suffering is educative.

People commit suicide to escape suffering, but destroying the physical body does not cancel the soul's debts; it merely delays payment.

If suicide were sanctioned in case of incurable disease, people would come to regard it as a legitimate "cure" for any disaster which might seem intolerable to the victim.—*Anna H. Dalley*

Brains to learn

Jackson, Tenn.—Whether what any college student gets in mental, moral, and physical training fits him for suitable service after he is graduated, depends on exactly the same element as the quality

of his training while in college—his own application and ability.

The best equipped college cannot put brains in a student's head. Students with brains do not need college training except to shorten the time required for technical training.

Somewhere about my home are three diplomas: Bachelor's, Master's, and Doctor's. I cannot buy a hamburger with all three; no one will let me have a gallon of gasoline or a quart of oil for them. My college training convinces me that I'd be a fool to try to get anything with these sheepskins alone. I need to use my brains, too.—*J. L. McAliley*

Coup d'état

Johannesburg, S. A.—Aaron Fisherman says: "The Soviet Union is not a Red Fascist state and hasn't any resemblance to the Italian and German governments." Admittedly the Italian has little in common with that of the Soviet, but the German and Russian have many points of resemblance.

In Italy the corporate state is in existence. It has been defined by Sir Charles Petrie as "a 'managed' state with an economic basis." In Germany we have the police state, governed from the top downward. Economic nationalization is the aim of the ruling class. In the Bolshevist state the welfare of one class, alone, receives attention. Here again the unskilled worker is downtrodden as a result of economic nationalization. His lot is, however, some improvement on pre-revolution days.

A point of resemblance in all three dictatorships, is that the dictator has to stage some coup every now and again so as to keep the confidence of his people. The attack on Abyssinia, the occupation of the Rhineland, and the Soviet purges are all examples of this.—*M. F. Baxter*

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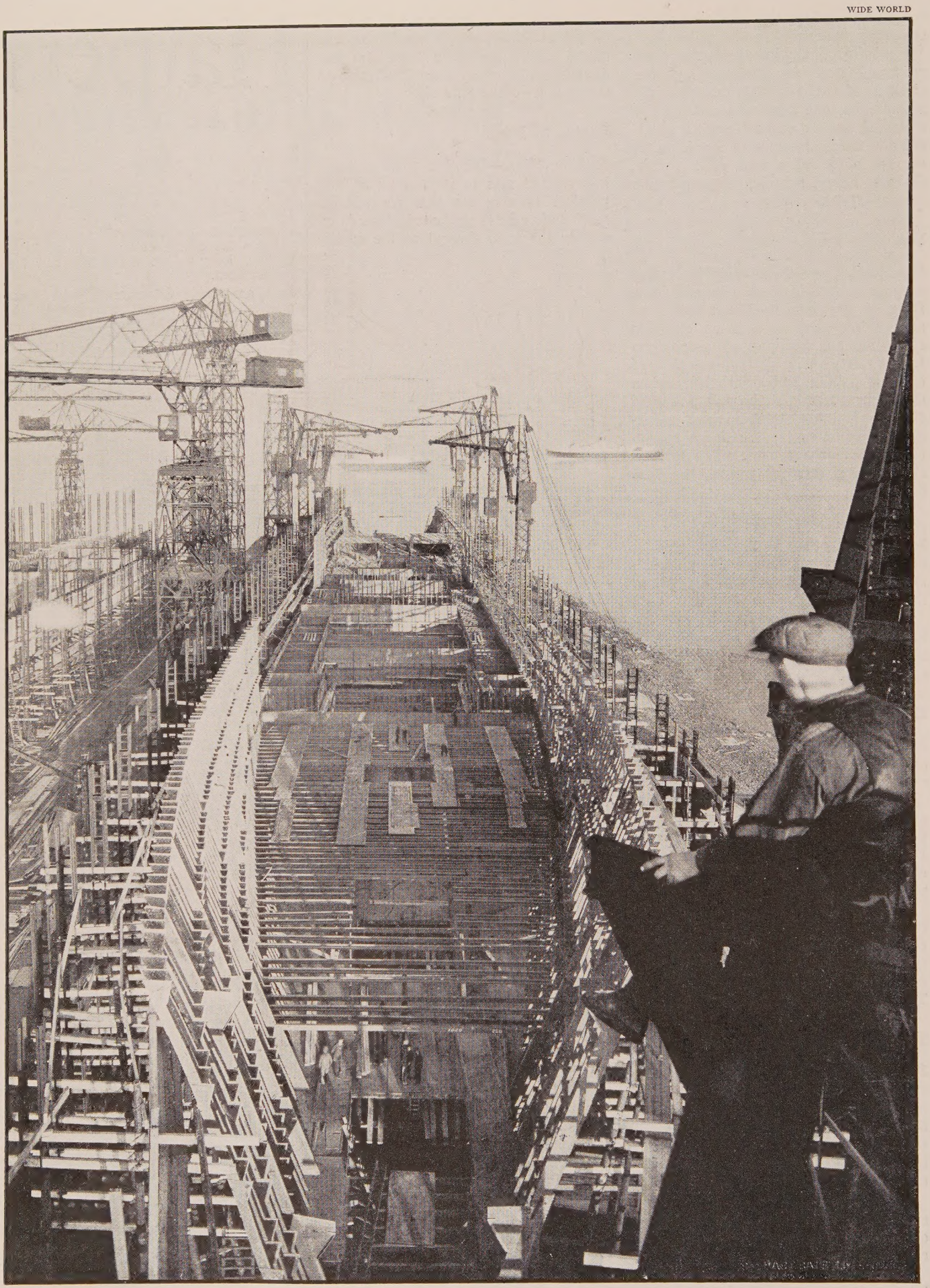

"MAURETANIA" IN THE MAKING: The new Cunard White Star liner, named for the famous "Old Lady of the Sea," takes shape at Birkenhead. She will be launched next July, to begin service in 1939

INTERNATIONAL

FALL OF A CITY—Japanese troops in gas masks dash through the ruins of a Shanghai building to wipe out Chinese soldiers vainly attempting to save their city

Story of a Week

WHEN the diminutive figure of Thomas E. Dewey, famed foe of rackets and District Attorney-elect of New York County, appears on a returning Bermuda liner this week, there will be no policy bosses, racketeers and gangsters at the pier to greet him. They will be too far out of town. "The frantic rush for safety approached the proportions of a rout," said the New York *Daily Mirror,* reporting the exodus.

"I'm ready to go to work," said Mr. Dewey recently, making more business for the railroads. Lacking the "fierce, black beard" recently wished for him by the *New Yorker,* he nevertheless seems to engender an urge for travel among burly big-shots of the underworld. "But," said police of Los Angeles, and New Rochelle, New York, "when criminals leave one place they go to another. We need more police to take care of the exodus."

MATRIARCHY ahead

WAY for the ladies! According to Dr. William Moulton Marston, former director of the psychological laboratory at Harvard, inventor of the lie-detector, consulting psychologist and author of "Try Living," matriarchy is just ahead.

"Within 500 years the struggle between the sexes will be under way and within 1000 years this country will be governed by women," he told a New York *Sun* reporter the other day. "Government will be benevolent by the very nature of the rulers. Wars will be impossible. Woman will mother her family, the community, the nation and the world."

The way to success will be better understood in the matriarchal age, the doctor predicted. "Happiness is a prime requisite for success. Living, loving and laughing are the chief factors in gaining it. The way to be happy is to do what you enjoy most."

Dr. Marston named Henry Ford, Mrs. Margaret Sanger, Helen Hayes, President Roosevelt, Mayor LaGuardia and Thomas E. Dewey as highly successful persons. He did not insist that they were successful because they had "lived, loved and laughed," but rather because they are doing "what they enjoy most."

THIS WEEK

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LITERARY DIGEST *receives special news service from United Press*

MABEL SHEA, symbol

"EVERY FRIDAY afternoon I deduct 35 cents from my secretary's pay. . . . If I don't do it, the government can fine me and put me in jail."

Writing in the New York *Herald Tribune* some days ago, Mark Sullivan, poli-

INTERNATIONAL

RACKET ENEMY NO. 1, Thomas E. Dewey, New York's District Attorney-elect, recuperating in Bermuda with his wife from rigors of the campaign

tical commentator, started a new controversy over the Social Security Act. So doing, he focused a national floodlight upon trim little Mabel Shea, his secretary, researcher and proofreader. Will Miss Shea become the human symbol of opposition to Social Security as Joseph Schechter of Brooklyn did to NRA?

"The administration," Mr. Sullivan continued, "says it is going to save this money for my secretary and pay it back to her as a pension when she is 65 years old. I don't like the system. I would rather pay my secretary what I promised to pay her and let her do her own saving. . . .

"Every four weeks Mr. Morgenthau gets my check for $1.40. He . . . says they are going to save this money for my secretary. But do they? They do not. . . . They treat my check as cash in the till. . . . But Mr. Morgenthau does this: After he has received and used up this $1.40 and enough other similar payments from other persons to make a total of $1000, he . . . takes a piece of greenish paper and prints on it the words: '$1000 bond.' The bond he . . . sticks in a pigeonhole somewhere and marks it 'Social Security Fund.' That $1000 bond is just a piece of paper . . . an I.O.U. signed U.S.A.

"Some day my secretary is going to reach 65. . . . There won't be anything in the Treasury earmarked for her except that I.O.U. . . . Will the government take the future tax payments made by some future secretary and use them to pay the pension of my present secretary? . . . Vaguely I feel there is something cock-eyed about it," he concludes.

Reactions came swiftly. Said Walter Lippmann, in his syndicated column:

"The issuing of the special bonds . . . is sheer hocus-pocus. Mr. Sullivan is indignant and says that if any private citizen . . . did what the government is doing, the private citizen would go to jail. . . . But this is rather unfair. For the government is acting according to law. . . . The law itself is at fault."

Next came the New York *Times:* "If anybody imagines that this money has been set aside under lock and key in a special reserve fund which will accumulate interest over a period of years, . . . his faith is based upon a misconception."

"So what?" asked the Philadelphia *Record.* "If a man puts his savings in a savings bank and the savings bank buys government bonds, . . . the government gives the bank an I.O.U. and spends the money, promising to pay interest and principal. . . . We think the Social Security Act faulty, but our conservative friends have yet to touch on its real flaws."

Mr. Sullivan's secretary, remarked *America,* the Catholic review, is simply paying an income tax. "If you pay it faithfully the government pledges its honor to tax your children to pay for what you think you are now paying."

Eventually Miss Shea's case came up in a White House press conference. "Mr. President," said James L. Wright, correspondent of the Buffalo *Evening News,* "Walter Lippmann says you have been taking the 35 cents a week that Mark Sullivan sends you for his secretary's old age pension and spending it on riotous living."

The President laughed, and suggested that since Miss Shea had had such excellent publicity she ought to ask for a raise, which, in turn, would increase her old age benefits.

Up spoke Sullivan, administration foe: "In spite of all this, she is half a New Dealer yet."

"Wholly a New Dealer," Miss Shea corrected; "and a great admirer of President Roosevelt." She has been Mr. Sullivan's secretary for more than 15 years. She is 5 feet 4, weighs about 115 pounds, is "over 21," has brown hair, and pleasant, regular features.

She often argues with her anti-administration boss, but says the work fascinates her, even the work of filling Mr. Sullivan's six pipes and typing and retyping his endlessly corrected copy.

In addition to her famous $35 a week, Miss Shea receives bonuses out of Mr. Sullivan's book royalties. With these sums she bought a home in Washington. She likes to sit in her own back yard, feed birds and read. Mark Sullivan says her principal function is to "keep the office cheerful and offset the natural gloom of the boss."

IDLENESS a paradox

SITTING in the White House study, President Roosevelt last week delivered his eleventh fireside chat, appealing for coöperation in the census of unemployment. Above all, his listeners wanted to know what he would do when he had the facts about unemployment in hand. He told them:

"Enforced idleness . . . in a nation of such wealth and natural opportunity is a paradox. . . . The expenditure of billions of dollars for relief and publicly created work" is but a temporary cure. It "has delayed the balancing of our national budget and increased the tax burden."

"The permanent cure," he declared, "lies in finding suitable jobs in industry and agriculture for all willing workers. It involves coöperative effort and planning which will lead to the absorption of this unused man power in private industry."

The nation will "reorder its affairs" to give everyone the "opportunity to work and earn. There is neither logic nor ne-

Echoes of the Fireside Chat

AS USUAL, the President places the main responsibility for the cure of unemployment and stability of business upon business itself. The customary alibi for the depressing effects of unwise taxation.—*Nashville Banner.*

The President recognized that co-operation between government and business is necessary. Let's hope he leads government to do its part.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

It might be a good idea, too, to make a census of those who sit around and live on charity while the President assists the worthy who are out of work. —*Wichita (Kans.) Beacon.*

It is a significant and encouraging fact that the President stressed the point that relief is only a palliative, and we must have a permanent cure. —*Indianapolis Star.*

The people should be sympathetic with the avowed purpose of the President to find how many are unemployed and work out a plan for giving them permanent employment. We agree heartily with that part of the address which says: "The permanent cure lies in finding suitable jobs in industry and agriculture."—*Topeka Daily Capital.*

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTOS FROM HARRIS & EWING

SOCIAL SECURITY CONTROVERSY rages about Mabel Shea, Mark Sullivan's secretary. Her employer resents giving 35 cents of her weekly salary to the government, and says it's nobody's business whether she saves her pay or spends it on permanent waves. Miss Shea, herself a New Dealer, likes her job, and her home

cessity for one-third of our population to have less of the needs of modern life than make for decent living."

ROOSEVELT and business

IN HIS MESSAGE to the special session of Congress last week, President Roosevelt frankly faced "a marked recession in industrial production," and invited the help of business men, big and small, in checking it.

The recession, he said, followed a "fairly steady advance of more than four years," has "not reached serious proportions," but is "decreasing the national income—and that is a matter of definite concern."

Disclosing that he had sought "the wisdom and advice" of business men, farmers and laborers, he declared: "The ultimate answer to the conditions of today is a cordial and confident coöperation not only between government and every kind of citizen, but also between every kind of citizen and his government."

There is enough wisdom in this country not only to check the recession, said the President, "but to lay the groundwork for a more permanent recovery." He found no analogy between today and 1929, the year of the big crash, for today, "The banking system is not overextended. Interest rates are lower. . . . Speculation requiring liquidation does not overhang our markets."

An immediate task, he said, is to "increase the use of private capital to create employment. Private enterprise, with cooperation on the part of government, can advance to higher levels of industrial activity than those reached, and "if private industry does not respond, the government must take up the slack."

Promising to submit proposals "to encourage private capital to enter the field of new housing on a large scale," he turned to taxation, and informed Congress that studies to eliminate "any injustices in our tax laws" are under way, but that he would not countenance "reduction in the aggregate revenues or an increase in the aggregate tax burdens of those least able to pay."

The proposed federal budget, now being prepared, "can be brought within a definite balance," he said. He recalled that his administration had pledged itself to wide social reforms, and said success of his plans "depends upon a wider distribution of an immensely enlarged national income. . . . Such enlargement presupposes full employment of both capital and labor—reasonable profits and fair wages. . . . Deflation and inflation are equal enemies of the balanced economy."

Referring to the purposes for which the special session was called, Mr. Roosevelt asked Congress:

(1) To fulfill its pledge, made last August, to pass a new farm act. He urged enactment of Secretary Wallace's ever-normal granary "that uses the reasonable surpluses of a year of good weather to carry over food supplies for a year of bad weather."

(2) To end exploitation of child labor and the "undercutting of wages and the stretching of the hours of the poorest-paid workers."

(3) To reorganize government boards and bureaus "along the lines of modern business administrative practice," and so increase efficiency.

(4) To "give the nation its money's worth from the national funds we expend" by a system of regional planning worked out ahead of time.

The President asked for no action on the Supreme Court enlargement plan which stalemated the last session of Congress. Referring to the Court's approval of the Labor Relations and Social Security Acts, he declared "the courts themselves are coming to have increased regard for the true nature of the constitution as a broad charter which can function under the conditions of today."

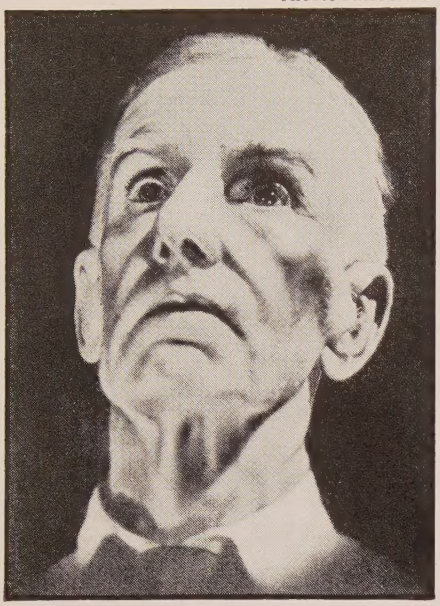
Reactions to the message, in Congress and the press, are printed on the following page.

CONGRESS—now what?

"I CAN tell you one thing: I know the President has no intention of enlarging the [Supreme] Court. I am opposed to that." So said Senator Henry F. Ashurst, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, last January. A week later the President tossed the court enlargement bill into Congress and Ashurst went to work to pass it. "I am in favor of the President's proposal," said he. "The man who attempts to be consistent may end up by being consistent, but never accomplish anything else."

In May, Justice Van Devanter retired and there was talk of compromise on the court issue. "I wouldn't walk as far as that door for a compromise," said Senator Ashurst, and a few hours later voted for a compromise, which was defeated in committee.

PHOTOS FROM ACME



SYMBOL OF NEED is the haunting face of James B. Sloan, forced on relief by business failure. His great-grandfather was on Washington's staff

The Senator remained optimistic. The court plan "could win easily in June, more easily in July, quite easily in August." It was smothered in July.

Last week the Senator was asked what Congress would do in the special session. For once he dodged. In antiquity, he said, "there were two things unpredictable: the way of a man with a maid and the way of an eagle on a rock. In the last decade another unpredictable has been added." Congress.

WAR plans in progress

SOME DAYS AGO an American "army on wheels"—9200 men and 1008 vehicles, carrying 1000 tons of supplies and equipment—sped over 326 miles of Texas roads in 12 hours and 55 minutes, the fastest motorized march in the nation's military history.

The feat led high army officers to predict complete modification of our army structure, the end of animal transportation and reduction of war strength divisions from 22,000 to 10,000 men each. "We have gone back to a modernized Civil War doctrine," said Major General James K. Parsons. "Stonewall Jackson's mobile, hard-hitting 'foot cavalry' is today's 'streamlined' division."

As army maneuvers proceeded in Texas, War Department chiefs in Washington pored over a plan to enlist 300,000 volunteers should America become involved in war. Under the plan, American Legion posts and citizens' committees would arrange recruiting, avoiding the delays of 1917, when only 86,000 responded to a call for volunteers.

Supplementing its plans to enlist volunteers, the General Staff's new draft plans are ready for instant use. Needed

CURRENT OPINION: The nation's press and Congressmen react to the President's message

In the press

THE MESSAGE is largely a potpourri of generalities. To anyone who analyzes it and interprets it in the light of the President's record, not forgetting his Messiah complex and his liability to forget in action what he promises in oratory, it is merely another Roosevelt message.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

He calls for coöperation of all classes, including economic royalists. He is willing to erase any injustices in the tax laws. He "expects to offer shortly a budget in balance." By and large, a good message, which should have a good effect on business psychology.—*Des Moines Register and Tribune.*

This time he seems really to appreciate the necessity of giving business something more than a short breathing spell.—*Hartford Courant.*

Mr. Roosevelt is confusedly trying to achieve the best of two antagonistic systems—capitalism and socialism. To seesaw indefinitely between the two is impossible.—*Washington Post.*

The recognition by the President that the present tax structure is a handicap to private enterprise and his determination that existing inequities be removed will bring an increase in business optimism.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The manner in which President Roosevelt approached Congress is the most heartening news that advocates of tax reform have had for many months. —*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

If only the Presidential record toward business were more encouraging, there would be confidence that his present pledge would be translated into action. —*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

The President's message is not only conciliatory, but, compared with his addresses of the last two or three years, almost penitential. He appears to have advanced several paces to the right.—*Boston Herald.*

The message was a disappointment because it lacked directness—it wobbled. The frank truth is that the situation requires a complete reversal of the President's position. — *Chicago Daily News.*

There is no renewal of past attacks upon segments of business and no "must" attitude regarding reform objectives. The President has stepped out of his recent character in his desire to get private enterprise to step up and do business at the old stand.—*Wichita (Kans.) Eagle.*

It commits the President to nothing . . . he could not have been vaguer.—*Richmond News.*

Mr. Roosevelt is in the role of a sobered reformer who has learned by experience that Utopia cannot be created in a day.—*Asheville (N. C.) Citizen.*

The tone is such as to encourage those who are hopeful of better relations between government and business. —*Birmingham News.*

As much pep talk as promise.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Altogether it is as reassuring a gesture as Mr. Roosevelt could well give without doing the things he never does —acknowledge error, announce a reversal, or lose face.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

There will be less popular enthusiasm for this new Roosevelt, but there is greater hope in him of sound leadership in crisis.—*Dallas News.*

If Mr. Roosevelt sincerely follows the course outlined, the country will be behind him. But if the pronouncements and promises prove merely a "breathing spell" in the battle between business and government, the prospect is not pleasant to contemplate.—*Dayton Journal.*

The message placed the emphasis where the emphasis belonged (on the business recession); it faced the realities.—*New York World-Telegram.*

In Congress

The message will not put any men back to work.—*Representative Bruce Barton (New York).*

It was splendid. If Congress has the good judgment to carry out his program promptly, the recession will end.—*Senator Sherman Minton (Indiana).*

It is just a plain attempt to alibi the present depression for which the President is solely responsible.—*Representative Hamilton Fish (New York).*

Congress should turn to and pass the President's program. It's a waste of time to talk about balancing the budget now and we can talk about taxes later.—*Representative Maury Maverick (Texas).*

The President is to be commended for frankly facing the fact of business recession, and for a new restraint in speaking about the men of business upon whom he admits he must now substantially depend.—*Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg (Michigan).*

forms have been drawn up and printing presses are ready to roll. Those first affected by the Selective Service Act would be drawn, as in 1917, from the 21 to 31 age group. Army men have scrapped suggestions to take men from 21 to 24 first, those from 24 to 27 next, and so on. Statistics show there are 10,000,000 men in the country from 21 to 31. It is estimated that 40 per cent of these have no dependents and are physically fit. Only a million and a half would be called under plans already formulated.

But military recruiting would be only a part of America's war program. The General Staff has a master plan for conscription of industry and labor. Workers would be placed wherever they would prove most effective. And all industry would operate—with profits kept to peace-time levels—under the strict supervision of the government.

DOGS doing fine

NEITHER motorists nor distemper, nor mange nor angry neighbors, succeeded in reducing New York State's canine population last year. According to the Albany *Knickerbocker News,* a census by the State Department of Agriculture shows that more than 790,000 blue-bloods and mongrels, chiefly the latter, make their home in the Empire State, an increase of more than 20,000 since the last census. No fewer than 276,282 dogs dash in and out of New York City's heavy traffic.

Nobody knows precisely how many dogs are running around the cities and farms of the nation. The New York State Department of Agriculture's *Year Book* estimates the number as between 10,000,000 and 12,000,000. Many of these, observes H. M. Dawson, associate animal husbandman of the Bureau of Animal Industry of New York, are useful to man in a variety of ways. Resulting from centuries of selection and direction, they now assist their masters as hunters, retrievers, guards, companions, aides in war, herders of livestock, police aides, guides, scavengers and entertainers.

ELECTRIC labor war

IF THE SPORADIC peace conferences between the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. result in peace through division of jurisdictions between the two organizations, the electrical field will present a perplexing problem.

Before the C.I.O. was formed, the Federation gave direct charters to local radio unions in Philadelphia. Later it ordered them to join its International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. The local unions refused, and formed their own national union. A year ago, 30,000 strong, they joined the C.I.O. as the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America.

Since then a bitter civil war has been fought in this field. The Brotherhood and the United have boosted their membership to an estimated 130,000 each, in a field employing 347,000 men.

Last spring, the National Electric Products Company of Ambridge, Pennsylvania, and the Consolidated Edison Company of New York signed with the Brotherhood. The C.I.O., asserting preponderance in both companies, appealed to the National Labor Relations Board. The NLRB overruled the Ambridge contract and ordered an election in its plant. The A.F. of L. won.

The other day the NLRB also ordered abrogation of the Consolidated Edison contracts, holding that the company had signed with the Brotherhood without giving its employees a chance to express their choice.

Immediately the NLRB was condemned by both Consolidated Edison and the A.F. of L. Floyd L. Carlisle, chairman of the company's board of directors, called the Board's decision "unfounded." He anounced that "unless the courts hold the contracts invalid, we shall live up to them."

Dan W. Tracy, president of the Brotherhood, declared he also would defy the NLRB and obey the contracts. He fumed at the Board's order as "biased, bigoted, illegal and dictatorial." "It leaves"—he told *Labor* (pro-Federation weekly)—"A.F. of L. unions no other course but to go to Congress and demand its [NLRB's] abrogation."

Meanwhile, the C.I.O. union hailed cancelation of the "fake" contracts and announced it would petition the Board for certification as the sole bargaining agency for the 40,000 employees.

TVA on trial

IS THE New Deal to continue its sale of electric power in competition with private business?

This question is now being argued in

SHANGHAI STREET SCENE—Japanese soldiers detailed to mop up Chinese snipers make their way through the tortuous alleys of Chapei, the native quarter

ACME

SOCIETY WOMEN AID in bringing war against syphilis into the open. Mrs. Helen Rasmussen of Montclair, N. J., takes Wassermann test to set an example

the Federal District Court in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Eighteen private power companies in Alabama, Mississippi, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee, representing resources of $1,000,000,000, are suing to enjoin the Tennessee Valley Authority from further "generation, transmission, sale of electric power."

If the utilities win, the New Deal's power program will be severely restricted. For TVA's whole policy of production and distribution of electric power is at stake. The utilities contend that the government's program—authorized by Congress originally in 1933 and upheld by the Supreme Court in 1936 so far as the sale of power generated at the Wilson Dam is concerned—should be restricted to conservation and flood control.

The TVA, whose program calls for an investment of $520,000,000, contends that the issue involved is the right of Congress to control floods and aid navigation. The production of power, it holds, is a necessary side-issue.

The utilities complain that the government has launched itself into competition with them and deprives them of the right to carry on an intrastate business. TVA replies that its power "yardstick" insures citizens the right to fair charges for electricity. Which moves the Chicago *Tribune* to declare that, under the TVA, "a new heaven and earth are to dawn in the valley with the obbligato of an electric skillet in every ridge cabin."

REBUKE at Brussels

LAST WEEK, as Viscount Halifax, Lord President of the Council in the British cabinet, hastened to Berlin to consult with Hitler on undisclosed topics, fifteen nations at Brussels voted a condemnation of Japan as violator of the Nine-Power treaty of 1922. This treaty guarantees the territorial integrity of China. Japan was one of its signatories, but refused to attend the Brussels conference.

America, England, France, Russia, and China were the major powers which voted for the Brussels condemnation, stating that the Far Eastern war aroused in them "apprehension" and "a sense of horror and indignation." Italy, allied to Japan by the recent Italo-German-Japanese anti-communist pact, voted against the condemnation, warning the conference that it might lead to "the most grave complications." Norway, Sweden, and Denmark abstained from voting.

KING COAL and King George

SHORTLY before his abdication, the Duke of Windsor, then Edward VIII, visited the smoky mining towns of South Wales, hobnobbed with the unemployed, heard from them how "our women grow prematurely old," how "the bodies of our children are stunted," and, returning to Buckingham Palace, made the famous remark: "Something must be done."

Now, under Edward's successor, George VI, something will be done. Parliament will soon receive a government-sponsored bill to nationalize the depression-hit coal industry. By 1942, the government proposes to spend $322,250,000 reimbursing landlords for the right to work the coal mines of Britain.

If the bill is enacted, the government will automatically own all the coal mined in Britain after 1942. Even before that time, it will have the power to make private producers amalgamate in the interest of efficiency.

In England, where Conservatives hold the lion's share of power, the measure is considered another example of "tory socialism." Tory, or socialist, or both, the coal bill is arousing controversy. Conservatives, it appears, object to its compulsory amalgamation clauses; Laborites, to its generous compensation clauses.

No sooner was the bill announced than opinion in the mining districts split. The conservative *Yorkshire Post* hopes that it will be "a fresh landmark in the long and complicated task of rationalizing the coal industry." The laborite *Cardiff Western Mail* is frankly pessimistic, remarking: "A mere change in ownership means very little if the new owner continues to levy toll on the same basis as the old."

Though coal is the basis of English industrial life, the industry itself is derelict. According to *The Economist* in London, Britain supplies 17 per cent of the total coal output of the world—but each decade the British percentage lessens.

England's economic doctors have never been able to agree on what malady ails this sick industry. With the general strikes of 1919 and 1926 still fresh in their minds, the Conservatives blame labor troubles. The Laborites, remembering that an estimated 4300 Britons own mining properties, say that the mining royalties these owners receive are "exorbitant." Still other doctors diagnose the disease as a case of arrested industrial development. British coal, they say, is simply unable to compete with water power, gas and electricity. But all sides agree on one thing: King Coal is sick.

COUP in Brazil

"DEMOCRACY," said President Roosevelt, in a speech at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, last November, "is still the hope of the world." And he urged his hearers to "continue its successful application in the Americas."

Last week official Washington wondered —though not for quotation—whether the application of democracy in the Americas had not been emphatically interrupted, and interrupted in Brazil itself.

A few days earlier the United Press had told the arresting story under a Rio de Janeiro date-line:

"President Getulio Vargas promulgated a new authoritarian constitution today, centralizing power in the executive and creating a new legislative system. Reports from the provinces indicated that Vargas' men were in control everywhere. The heart of the new constitution is the provision for the nation's future government. Most importantly, there is constituted the new Council of National Economy. This is a 'corporative' body along the line of the Fascist corporations which are part of the Italian Fascist scheme of government. Divided into sections, such as

industry, agriculture, commerce, with representatives of employers and workers, this Council will have legislative authority in matters within its competence."

Had fascism come to the Americas? The fascist European nations were jubilantly sure of it, but the Brazilian Foreign Minister hastened to declare that the new Vargas constitution was "neither fascistic nor communistic, but democratic in the modern sense."

Fascist or not, it put the name of Vargas into headlines all over the world. Coming to power through the revolution of 1930, Dr. Vargas was elected President in 1934. He is 55, slight and soft-spoken, but plucky enough to dispense with bodyguards whenever possible. Except for the movies, he has few relaxations. His career includes a term as Finance Minister and as Governor of Rio Grande do Sul, his home state.

Normally, his term as President would have ended next July, but now he has decided to remain in office pending a plebiscite on his new constitution and, later, a presidential election. Hence, temporarily at least, he gains dictatorial control over a country larger than the United States.

"It has a population of about 44,000,000, of whom some three-fifths are native-born," explains Dorothy Thompson in her syndicated (New York Tribune, Inc.) newspaper column. "The others are immigrants, almost entirely from countries already fascistic—Portugal, Italy, Spain, Germany and Japan."

Some 35 per cent of Brazil's inhabitants are Italian in origin, though the official language is Portuguese.

"Imminent peril to the national sovereignty" forced his coup over these 44,000,000, President Vargas declared in a radio address. There was danger from "mobsters" and "aggressive" political partisanship calling for "the vigilance and protection of Brazilian armed forces."

Though he dissolved Congress and local legislatures, halted government debt payments, instituted a strict censorship, and sponsored a series of political arrests, he promised to retain Brazil's advanced social-labor legislation.

Eighteen of the twenty governors of Brazilian states telegraphed their assent to the Vargas coup. Two dissented and, to prevent the "somber likelihood of the class struggle," were ousted.

WIDE WORLD

MEASLES IDENTIFIED before rash appears—possible through the discovery of Dr. Jean Broadhurst, bacteriologist at Columbia University

DEATH in Palestine

THE OLD Roman legions (some of them recruited in Britain) found Palestine a problem. So do their present-day British successors. Continuous unrest in this Holy Land, where rioting, assassination, and bloody guerrilla fighting have thriven—for example, last week twenty Jews and Arabs were killed and wounded—recently caused His Majesty's government to take drastic action.

Governmental defense regulations were promulgated, of almost unprecedented strictness, to establish a triangular peace between 900,000 angry Mohammedan Arabs, 400,000 immigrant Jews, and the worried British soldiers and administrators in occupation of this League of Nations mandate under British control.

The anxious government listed four new offenses punishable with hanging: discharge of firearms, throwing of bombs, the mere carrying of arms or bombs, and sabotage endangering human life or public peace. Any member of the British forces stationed in Palestine has the power of summary arrest, and quick

CURRENT OPINION: The coup by Vargas in Brazil stirs hopes and fears in many lands

Europe

Brazil has thus become the leading power of South America in the fight against the red world pest.—*Zeitung am Mittag (Berlin).*

The Vargas coup constitutes a success without precedent for the Rome-Berlin axis, and is a severe blow to President Roosevelt, who now sees the infiltration of European totalitarian nations into the American continent.—*Genevieve Tabouis in L'Oeuvre (Paris).*

The greatest nation in Latin America has rejected democratic illusions and democratic lies. There is no health in Cordell Hull's democracy. With him, plutocracy calling itself democracy is also embittered.—*Tevere (Rome).*

It is no wonder that anxieties are aroused in the United States, mindful of the Monroe Doctrine, and in England, which has important investments in Brazil, regarding any working arrangements which may be come to between Brazil and European fascist states.—*Daily Telegraph (London).*

United States

Brazil, the largest nation in Latin America, has hoisted the fascist flag. Thus the tides set in motion by Mussolini's march on Rome are now sweeping the shores of this hemisphere as well. It is not pleasant to contemplate.—*Washington Post.*

Was it to uphold the Brazilian constitution or to suspend it that President Vargas wanted to lease those destroyers from the United States navy?—*Philadelphia Record.*

Brazil, by the coup of President Vargas, becomes an authoritarian state by decree and law, as it has been for several years in practice.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

We shall want to keep well-informed if there is an effort to enlist us in an anti-fascist alliance by raising the bogy of attempted colonization in Brazil by Germany.—*Springfield Republican.*

South America

The entry of nearly half this continent's area and population into the bloc of powers that have lost faith in democracy is a transcendent victory for fascism in America.—*Tiempo (Bogota, Colombia).*

The essential principles of a democratic regime disappeared from Brazil when President Vargas replaced the constitution of 1934 with another elaborated in presidential circles.—*Nacion (Buenos Aires).*

The whole continent is deeply interested because, if a new Brazilian system is to mean that fascism has come to America, the importance of such an event cannot be overlooked by Brazil's neighbors.—*Imparcial (Santiago, Chile).*

INTERNATIONAL ACME

WHICH IS ROOSEVELT? The answer is, neither. George M. Cohan, in the irreverent musical hit *I'd Rather Be Right*, does his best to resemble the President. Alonzo F. E. Briggs (right) of Worcester, Massachusetts, needs no make-up

trails of such offenses will be held before military courts.

The Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, president of the local Mohammedan Supreme Council, was deposed in October. He fled to Syria, from which refuge he has agitated against British rule and against the proposed triple division of Palestine into Jewish, Arab, and British areas—an arrangement intended to allay interracial friction and fierce religious strife.

Twenty years ago, Palestine, the size of Maryland, was promised to the Jews for a national homeland—a British war measure of 1917. Meanwhile, eager Arabs were aiding British against the Turks, under the mysterious Lawrence of Arabia. Hence the current controversy, each side insisting that it deserves well of the Lion of London.

Masacre massacre?

NEGROES in the Dominican Republic and the Republic of Haiti share a hot, dry island in the Caribbean Sea. Separating them is an ill-defined boundary marked by the river Masacre. Some days ago a report seeped out that the river was flowing true to its name.

From Washington, the United Press told a surprised world: "The slaughter of thousands of Haitians, including women and children, living in the Dominican Republic, has been reported by an American neutral observer. . . . This observer, writing from the Haitian side of the border, reviews, in a series of reports beginning October 6 last, massacres which climaxed when, according to his account, Dominican rural police rounded up Haitians in groups and led them into a forest."

"Here," wrote the observer, "men armed with clubs, machetes, daggers with three prongs and bayonets awaited them. The men were clubbed first and then hacked to death with machetes. Women were told to raise the right arm and were killed with three-pointed daggers and the children were tossed on bayonets. . . . The massacres in Santo Domingo constitute one of the major crimes of history."

The strict censorship clamped down by the two republics was perforated by travelers' accounts of secret Dominican troop movements. Visiting both capitals, Jacob Chirino, a Puerto Rican journalist, said he heard responsible Dominicans boast of establishing "control over Haiti"; and discovered that, while Dominicans have 20,000 armed men, "the Haitians are completely without arms."

In a calmer atmosphere, diplomats put on velvet gloves to help smooth over the situation. In a letter, published in the *Haiti-Journal*, the Dominican President, Rafael Trujillo, expressed "the pain with which I view the means which certain elements, antagonistic to both governments, are taking to create division and hate between the two peoples." In Washington, the Haitian Foreign Minister gave lurid details of "wholesale butchery," but saw "no probability of war." Promptly, the Dominican Minister in Washington declared it was all a "minor" scrap. His government considered the incident "closed."

To Haitians, however, the issue remained open. The United States, Cuba, and Mexico accepted an invitation from the Haitian President, Stenio Vincent, to mediate the dispute.

Searching for explanations of the Haitian-Dominican affair, R. Hart Phillips, Havana correspondent of the New York *Times*, suggested that "the desperate economic situation in Haiti" has caused Haitians "to cross the border in search of work in the fertile lands of the Dominican Republic. . . . Friction turned to open fighting among the civilian population. . . . Dominican border troops were drawn into the conflict."

Then came the report of a massacre by the Masacre.

PEOPLE of a week

Engagements—Miss Eleanor Mae Murphy, daughter of Governor Francis P. Murphy, of New Hampshire, and Donald W. Erion, captain of the 1935 football team at Dartmouth college. . . . Miss Astrea M. Kemmler, Los Angeles social light, and James Blake Rogers, youngest son of the late Will Rogers, humorist.

Birthdays—Princess Margaret, eldest daughter of Prince Gustaf Adolf, heir presumptive to the throne of Sweden, her third. . . . Louis Dembitz Brandeis, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, his eighty-first.

Retirements—General Henri Gouraud, 70, as Military Governor of Paris. One-armed hero of the Dardanelles campaign and commander of the French Fourth Army, his magnificent defense and counterattack near Rheims in 1918 made Marshal Foch's victory possible. . . . Dr. Rudolf Ruedemann, New York State Paleontologist, after thirty-eight years' service in the state museum. His work in geology and paleontology has brought him international fame.

Deaths—J. Ramsay MacDonald, 71, three times Prime Minister of Great Britain, one of the foremost champions of labor of his generation. MacDonald in the last years of his life was criticized by labor and was defeated in the 1935 elections. From a disheveled young orator calling for government ownership on a soap-box platform in Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park, he came to dominate the British political scene in the paradoxical position of Labor Prime Minister who owed the tenure of his post to conservative legislators. . . . Mrs. Leslie Carter, 75, one of the most successful and popular of American actresses, who rose to stardom under the private tutelage of David Belasco. She made her debut in 1891 and is best recalled for her role, in 1895, in the Civil War play, *The Heart of Maryland*. . . . Admiral Baron Sotokichi Uriu, 80, last surviving Japanese graduate of the United States Naval Academy (1881). . . . Atlee Pomerene, 73, former chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, special prosecutor in the Teapot Dome oil cases, and for twelve years a Democratic Senator from Ohio. . . . Homer D. Williams, 74, one of Andrew Carnegie's ablest lieutenants and former president of both the Carnegie Steel Corporation and the Pittsburgh Steel Corporation. . . . John McDowell, D.D., 67, from 1933 to 1934 Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, highest honor in the gift of the denomination.

PHOTO BY ALAN HACKER

BINGO, double features, Bank Nite, etc., have finally aroused the long-suffering moviegoer to open rebellion against overcrowded programs. Result—organized protest

Down With Doubles

FOR YEARS NOW, ever since the depression socked the motion-picture industry precisely in the box office, the moviegoer has been staggering manfully and silently under a burden of double features, triple features, bank nights, and free china. In some places he suffers the added insult of commercial advertisements between features.

The American moviegoer is ordinarily a mild person. He is not given to invading the theater manager's office to demand reparations for having suffered four hours of unrelieved grade C entertainment without even a short subject to brighten the gloom. He merely goes home, takes something for his headache, and returns the following week to the same theater, in the hope of finding one of the two films worth the price of admission.

But today the movie consumer tosses meekness to the winds. He makes his declaration in the form of picket lines, petitions, boycotts, boos and hisses, and —page Messrs. Green and Lewis— organization.

He has had enough grade C films. And while there are quantities of grade A features made and shown, he has to take a dose of inferior footage with his chosen film in 85 per cent of the nation's theaters. Even a bill of two top-notchers gives him a headache—too much movie for one evening. Not enough travelogues and short comedies.

So the consumer becomes unmistakably militant. Revolt flames, originating in Nutley, New Jersey, and in Little Rock, Arkansas, and blazing a trail clear across the country to California. Hollywood either raises its eyebrows and sighs "What—again!" or proffers the hand of comradeship and bellows "Congrats!"

Nutley, New Jersey, has not earned a place in history, even its most ardent boosters will admit, by virtue of being the birthplace of revolutions. Nutley may not even be proud of its new distinction. But the same grade B films, even unto grade Z, are shown in Nutley as in more revolution-minded towns.

One fine day two unsuspecting young men of Nutley went to the movies. One of them was William R. Clay, a newspaper make-up editor. The other was George H. Siegel, a real estate broker. They paid their money, found seats, and waited for entertainment.

The first film failed to arouse their enthusiasm. It was a discouraging job all around, as if the director had sighed in his secret soul: "Ah me, another grade C to torment those poor young men in Nutley."

"That," said Clay to Siegel, "was what is known as a 'dog,' a pure grade C. The next one may be better. Besides, there's always the cartoon."

His yawning sidekick was skeptical.

"The second feature had better be good," he warned, "or I'll be mad. When I get mad I kick up a row."

"Shush," said Clay. "The second feature's starting."

The second feature was farther down the alphabet than the first. And there was no cartoon. Clay and Siegel squirmed. Their seats became mysteriously hard, lumpy, bumpy, confining, and otherwise painful. Finally they stumbled out.

POSTER COURTESY EDUCATIONAL PICTURES

THIS FAMILY HAS
Doubleitis*
OOOH
I DON'T WANT TO SIT DOWN AGAIN FOR A WEEK!
GEE THERE WASN'T ANY FUNNY ONES.
*Kinks in the back, accompanied by mental sluggishness, due to the strain of sitting through double feature shows that are too long and lacking in variety vitamins.
Statistics show that four out of five are asking for shows of sane length and variety. Give them a chance to get back to normal. Get set now to show them the Showmanship Shorts with these and many other big hit stars.
WILLIE HOWARD
NIELA GOODELLE
BERT LAHR
Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"
DISTRIBUTED IN U.S.A. BY 20TH CENTURY-FOX FILM CORPORATION
Presented by F. W. HAMMONS

ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN expressing disapproval of the double feature shows that Educational Pictures has joined forces with the protesting public

"Same thing happened last time."
"I've got a headache."
"Four and a half hours wasted."
"Well, why don't we do something?"

Thus was born the Anti Movie Double Feature League of America. The parents had no notion that their offspring was a young giant. They didn't intend their league to leap over the entire country. Their only purpose on that momentous, headache-laden evening was to persuade the manager of their local theater to change to a policy of single features and short subjects.

By the time the Nutley league was formed (it took exactly one small ad in the Nutley *Sun*) and had achieved its objective (which took exactly one picket line of two persons plus petitions signed by several hundred), letters were pouring in from all parts of the country.

All asked instructions for performing the Nutley miracle. A single letter proclaimed the writer's fondness for double bills. The others bore one refrain: We've been thinking about this for a good many years, but just waited for someone to start something.

The League has 3000 members, and requests for membership are increasing. Chapters are at work in Pennsylvania, California, Alabama, Massachusetts, Kansas, Virginia, West Virginia, New York, New Jersey, Wisconsin, and Ohio.

The members pay no dues, collect no funds. They gather signatures of persons who promise to boycott double-feature bills. Then the chapter presents its petitions to the local exhibitor. If the exhibitor is adamant, perhaps a picket line appears outside his theater with placards asking potential patrons not to encourage the theater to show two poor films instead of one good one.

In New York suburbs one circuit has already instituted a single-feature policy. Another has removed double features from some of its theaters, found business quite as good as before, and is planning single features in other localities. The League expects Boston to be the next victory spot and then possibly Los Angeles, where a whole group of theaters inflict not merely double but triple and even quintuple programs.

Next on the League's program is a nation-wide demonstration to impress the watchful exhibitor with the movie public's determination. The plan is for simultaneous mass picketing (good-natured, of course) and boycott of double-feature houses in key cities.

Little Rock is silent about double features, but it is loud—bellowing boos and sibilant hisses—on the matter of commercial advertising on the screen. William Bell, civil engineer, and Marion C. Blackman, publicity man, are officers of the Society for the Booing of Commercial Advertisements in Motion Picture Theaters.

"We think," their program states, "that paid advertisements in first-run picture houses charging fifty cents admission are an imposition, and we believe that nearly every other patron thinks so."

The Society for the Booing has already held several theater parties. The members merely sit together and boo like a football cheering section when the ads appear on the screen. At their second party the ads disappeared as soon as the booing commenced.

Mr. Bell, in New Orleans recently to establish the third chapter of the society, explained that the Bronx cheer, Little Rock style, has a certain refinement. "As far as we are concerned," he said, "it is a genteel demonstration of righteous indignation. We studiously avoid any show of horseplay. However, it makes a lot of noise."

Too much noise for one exhibitor afflicted by the booers. A Tifton, Georgia, theater owner obtained a restraining order against the booing parties and threatened a $10,000 damage suit. He charged that the combination of the society's expert boos and the support given by a local newspaper had injured his box office to that extent.

And how does the motion-picture industry regard this spreading "anti" campaign? Exhibitors are willing to be shown what their patrons want. Hollywood is both cautious and congratulatory. Most producing firms are sensitive about the phrase "double feature" when the dart is aimed by an outsider. In the dimly lit sanctuaries of the film moguls there is either adroit disappearance beneath massive desks or frank admission that double bills are a self-imposed curse that only the public can remove.

Samuel Goldwyn of United Artists is "all for" the Nutley pioneers and he has his own contribution ready for the campaign. Mr. Goldwyn plans to make all his films so long that no exhibitor will dare to show them with a second feature. He is rather a pioneer himself, for

PHOTOS FROM METROPOLITAN

LEADERS of the embattled movie public are Messrs. Clay and Siegel of Nutley, New Jersey

in 1935 he was bewailing the practice as not artistic, not sound business, and not at all helpful to a producer (such as Mr. Goldywn) who makes only lengthy super-specials and not a single grade B film.

All the individual producers grouped under the banner of United Artists make only first-class films. The company is definitely on the side of the revolt.

Of the other major producing units, only one, 20th Century-Fox, bravely stalks into the arena with a statement. "Double features are inescapable now," it says, "but we firmly believe that the practice is too much of a strain on the studios and quite as much of a strain on the public. The sooner dual bills are eliminated the better. The public can do it."

THE skilful ducking on the part of most sections of the industry is due to the obvious fact that the producing units own huge chains of theaters. Most theaters show double features. The theaters show a profit. Therefore, reason the magnates, doubles are a good thing.

One company, Warner Brothers, was not so easily convinced. "Let us," said the Warners back in the fall of 1936, "poll our patrons and find out whether they really want double features or whether they attend double bills only because there are so few theaters showing singles with shorts."

Questionnaires were distributed in every key city. Every poll showed that most patrons wanted single features with short subjects. Of 725,824 votes cast, 568,751 were opposed to double bills. Only 157,073 wanted the bargain programs. Seventy-eight per cent of audiences at Warner theaters did not want the entertainment they were paying for.

No sooner were the tabulated results of that poll on the desks of the brothers than the firm instituted double bills in many of its theaters which formerly had shown single features.

There are compensations for that body blow. Only a few weeks ago a North Kansas City theater, showing single features, found that 70 per cent of its patrons wanted a continuance of that policy. And in St. Joseph, Missouri, a house showing double bills found that its patrons wanted single features. These are now being shown and business is good.

A rather extensive poll conducted by *Box Office,* a trade publication, showed that even in districts thickly populated by industrial workers, who can be relied on to want a lot for their money, double features were not a marked preference. Suburban towns showed a 2 to 1 preference for single features and a positive hunger for short subjects.

A poll just concluded in St. Louis is the first to show a marked preference for double features. The results, after voting in 31 theaters, were 69 per cent for double features against 31 per cent for singles. However, of the 47,657 persons who voted, 20 per cent were boys and girls under sixteen. This must be considered, since children ordinarily compose only 10 per cent of motion-picture audiences.

The National Board of Review, peering down from the lofty height of its twenty-odd years of service, says that it is not at all concerned with this particular problem of double features.

"There is one aspect that does interest me, though," said Wilton A. Barrett, executive secretary. "Our work is classifying films. I do note the problem of double bills in which one film has been rated as family entertainment and the other is decidedly for adult audiences. Another unfortunate thing about double bills is that they crowd off the program many excellent shorts that would be interesting to any audience.

"The experience of the Board has been that when a community sets to work by coöperating with the exhibitor, that community can get what it wants. If these new groups will work with the exhibitor they can undoubtedly get rid of double features—if they really want to."

Chester Bahn, editor of *Film Daily* and an authority on all matters pertaining to films, is certain that double features will be definitely doomed when the public shows its disapproval.

"During the depression," said Mr. Bahn, "people began to shop for entertainment. The exhibitor found that he had to give them more for their money. Competition was especially keen. The weak pictures drew no money, so the exhibitor tried teaming two weak pictures in the hope of getting business.

"Today most patrons have no choice between double or single bills. When one exhibitor started the dual policy, his competitor had to follow. At the end of 1936 there were 8000 theaters in the country showing doubles. Any producer or exhibitor will admit that doubles will disappear when the public no longer wants them."

Perhaps that day is now come. But even the Nutley pioneers would allow one double-feature house in a city for harassed husbands and mothers who wish to pack lunches and dispose of the children for the day.

—*Frances Fink*

JOIN THE FIGHT
NOW IS THE TIME TO RISE AGAINST THE DOUBLE FEATURE PROGRAMS
You Can Stamp Out This Evil By Joining The
ANTI MOVIE DOUBLE FEATURE LEAGUE OF AMERICA
DOWN WITH DOUBLES
THIS HOUSE IS UNFAIR TO ITS PATRONS BY EXHIBITING DOUBLE FEATURE BILLS
This Deplorable Practice Can Be Abolished If You Will Join The
ANTI MOVIE DOUBLE FEATURE LEAGUE OF AMERICA

PICKETING, boycotts, booing, and hissing are the weapons employed by the Anti Movie Double Feature League of America, now operating in eleven states

TORNADO struck Gainesville, Georgia, April 6, 1936. Toll: 200 lives, 8 blocks of buildings. Roosevelt met the emergency, then started the rebuilding campaign, now completed. Note the hardware store (where three were killed): old style above, new at left

Rebirth of

BRAND-NEW SQUARE rises from the ruins with federal aid. Uncle Sam spent $750,000 in Gainesville

MODERN DESIGN characterizes the whole building scheme. Here the County Commissioner stands at the decorative entrance of the new courthouse

ROOSEVELT MONUMENT (built by public subscription), to be dedicated November 25, will stand in front of this handsome new courthouse. The President will speak at its unveiling, and other dignitaries will attend the ceremonies

Gainesville

UP-TO-DATE county hospital, 169 houses, 22 places of business, 2 hotels, 2 churches, and a college have been rebuilt, and the heart of the city, which was virtually destroyed, has blossomed into an attractive model section

COLLEGE GIRLS (at right) admire the entrance to the new main building of Brenau College, built with the aid of RFC loans

Tuberculosis

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST
PHOTOS BY ALAN HACKER

ORGANIZING the sale of Christmas seals is a nation-wide, all-year-round enterprise. Clerks began last January their work on the vast Thanksgiving mailing. Committees volunteer their services, as do the women who sell the seals

OFFICIAL COOPERATION: The railway conductor does his bit for the campaign which, this autumn, enters its thirty-first year

SALESGIRLS FOR A MONTH—In the short season that the seals are on sale, enough money is collected to support 2000 tuberculosis associations

Warfare

SATISFIED CUSTOMER helps in the fight against tuberculosis by buying Christmas seals from a volunteer

FIGHTING A WINNING BATTLE—Twenty-seven years ago, tuberculosis was the leading cause of death in the United States. It has dropped to seventh place

BOOTH WORKERS are located in railway stations, post offices, stores, theaters, and night clubs

THE DAY'S PROCEEDS are counted, checked, and banked the following morning and totaled against the records for the corresponding day of last year. In 1936, four and a half million dollars were raised

EUROPEAN

IRISH SWEEPSTAKES attract about twenty million dollars yearly from this country. The management's honesty is unquestioned. Hospital nurses draw the winning tickets

Billion Dollar Bill

WHATEVER stock-market antics mean, further progress toward recovery is indicated by a new high in American support of the latest Irish Hospitals Lottery, the third of this year. Tickets sold here on the Cesarewitch Pool totaled over seven million dollars.

As a result, there is renewed discussion of the proposal of Representative Edward A. Kenney of New Jersey, who seeks to have the federal government authorize a billion-dollar lottery—60 per cent to go to winners, 40 per cent to the Treasury to finance veteran aid. That national degeneration of character and moral decay would attend the restoration of lotteries is the chief objection.

"Painless taxation" is what its friends call the Kenney bill, arguing that lotteries have been rampant here for many years as represented by open sale of foreign lottery and sweepstakes tickets, widespread policy rackets, legalized racetrack betting in half of the 48 states, football pools, and the thinly disguised lotteries in most motion-picture houses.

The "take" on all such variations of lottery drawings throughout the United States is estimated all the way from one to five billion dollars annually.

National lotteries are common in other countries throughout the world. Nazi Germany raised funds for its unemployed by that method. France restored a national lottery four years ago to ease the strain of direct taxes on its citizens. Denmark, Portugal, Spain, Hungary, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Italy, and the Soviet Union are other European countries conducting open, or thinly disguised, lotteries. In Cuba, in Mexico, in fact throughout most Latin-American republics, the lottery might well be called a national pastime. The airplanes defending China were purchased with the proceeds of a lottery conducted by the Nanking government.

INTERNATIONAL

NATIONAL LOTTERY is the aim of Representative Edward A. Kenney, who sponsors a billion-dollar lottery bill

It is undisputed that the first permanent settlements in America—the English colonies in Virginia—were saved from removal or abandonment by a lottery.

From 1607 the first five years of the Jamestown settlement were a period of hardship and uncertainty. The London Company, its sponsors, short of funds and faced by the determination of the settlers to move to Newfoundland, appealed to King James I for the right to conduct a lottery to save the Virginia colony. King James gave his royal assent. That first lottery conducted in London in 1612 netted £39,000. Subsequent lotteries continued until 1621, by which time the colonies were self-supporting.

Suspension of the London Company lotteries in England did not mean the end of lotteries either abroad or in the United States. In the two centuries before there was a United States of America, lotteries here flourished mightily, sometimes to finance public works and institutions,

both religious and educational; occasionally to establish infant industries; often to save from creditors the estates of important landowners and merchants.

At first conducted honestly, they were soon injured by questionable practices, succeeded by flagrant dishonesty.

George Washington's signature appears as a sponsor on tickets for the Mountain Road Lottery dated 1768. Entries in the diary of the Father of His Country reveal that frequently he officiated at lottery drawings.

George Washington also bought the first ticket in a national lottery authorized by the Continental Congress in 1776, conducted to equip the army in the field. The first drawing of that lottery was held in College Hall, Philadelphia, in 1777. The ticket sale amounted to half a million dollars, and the managers, hopeful of retaining most of that money for immediate needs, paid prize winners entitled to sums in excess of $50 in treasury bank notes redeemable in 5 years.

The signature of John Hancock is to be found on lottery ticket receipts in Massachusetts in colonial days, but later he became an aggressive foe of lotteries.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, earnest disciple of thrift, not only carried lottery advertisements in his *Pennsylvania Gazette,* but also appeared as one of the sponsors of a lottery in colonial days which was to raise £3000 to build a battery along the Delaware River at Philadelphia.

Thomas Jefferson, impoverished by his long public service, coupled with hard times in his declining years, sought and obtained from the Virginia legislature in 1826 permission to conduct a lottery for his personal benefit, to save his heavily encumbered estate. Death intervened before the lottery could be held.

Faneuil Hall, "birthplace of American Liberty," was rebuilt, after its destruction by fire in 1761, from the proceeds of lotteries. The first lottery netted only $1200.

The District of Columbia—then Washington City—in 1793 profited by $350,000 from a lottery for the development of the then new national capital. First prize was "a fine new hotel with baths and outhouses worth $50,000."

With such precedents it is natural to find subsequent early promoters seeking to capitalize patriotic sentiment for questionable lottery projects. A case in point is the Washington Monument, of which it is said that before his death George Washington personally selected the site. In newspapers of September, 1811, one may find advertised drawings on the Washington Monument lottery—tickets $11 each, capital prize $50,000. Yet the Washington Monument was not responsibly sponsored until 1833, when the Washington National Monument Society was formed. Public subscriptions and congressional appropriations paid for it.

In 1812 was held the first of a series of drawings to net $16,000 for repairing the beach at Plymouth, Massachusetts, notably to preserve the rock on which the Pilgrim Fathers first set foot in 1620. In the ensuing nine years, lottery tickets in behalf of the Plymouth Beach project were sold to the amount of $886,439. Yet it is of record that the sum paid over for the advertised purpose of the lotteries was exactly $9,876, a fraction more than one per cent of the total of tickets sold.

It was not a sudden collapse of honesty and fair-dealing in lotteries. A century before, as far back as 1720, the General Court of the Province of Massachusetts outlawed lotteries as "a common and publik nuisance," providing fines of £200 each for promoters, £10 fines for players. The following year the New York state assembly enacted a similar ban. Pennsylvania legislated against lotteries in 1761. But lotteries continued.

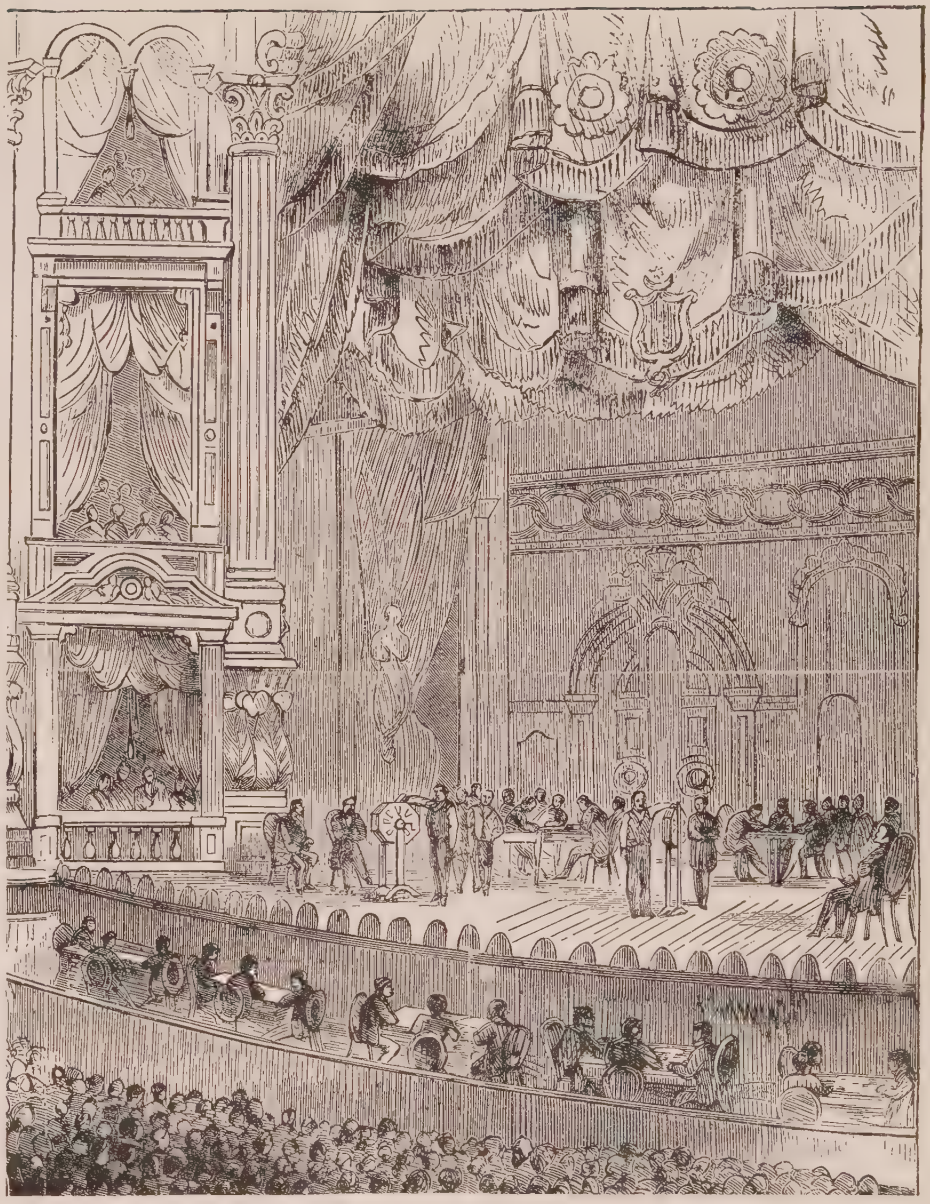
In most cases the ban was defied in the same spirit that Americans defied the prohibition laws of the 1920 period. But in Massachusetts lotteries were restored in the guise of "painless taxation"—at first to finance military operations against the French in Canada in the Seven Years' War. Thereafter, in Massachusetts and elsewhere, purposes for which lotteries were authorized ranged from settlement of affairs of a defunct land bank to establishment of infant industries, notably the first textile mill in America.

Merchants suffering losses through fires and shippers threatened by maritime losses were authorized by legislatures to recoup their fortunes through lotteries.

Columbia University, then King's College, was founded on the proceeds of a lottery advertised to raise £1800 for that purpose in 1784. Other well known seats of learning benefiting from lotteries, as distinguished from being founded by lottery money, are Harvard, Yale, Brown, Dartmouth, William and Mary, Hamilton, Union, and many others.

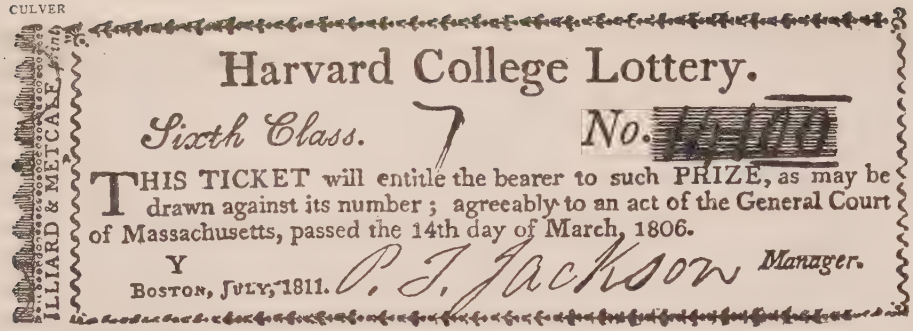
For a century before the fractional lottery ticket appeared, about 1800, un-

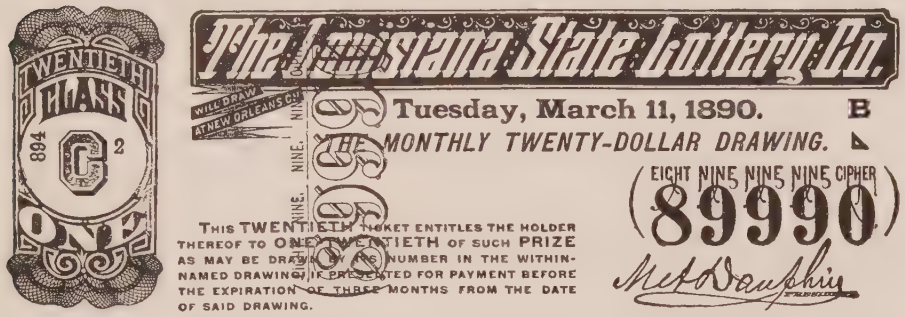
CULVER



CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE was first prize in a lottery in that city in 1867. The fortunate promoter, a Mr. Crosby, profited to the extent of $650,000

CULVER


Harvard College Lottery.
Sixth Class. No.
THIS TICKET will entitle the bearer to such PRIZE, as may be drawn against its number; agreeably to an act of the General Court of Massachusetts, passed the 14th day of March, 1806.
Boston, July, 1811.
P. T. Jackson Manager.
ILLIARD & METCALF


TWENTIETH CLASS
894
G 2
ONE
The Louisiana State Lottery Co.
Tuesday, March 11, 1890.
THE MONTHLY TWENTY-DOLLAR DRAWING.
EIGHT NINE NINE NINE CIPHER
89990
THIS TWENTIETH TICKET ENTITLES THE HOLDER THEREOF TO ONE TWENTIETH OF SUCH PRIZE AS MAY BE DRAWN BY THE NUMBER IN THE WITHIN-NAMED DRAWING, IF PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT BEFORE THE EXPIRATION OF THREE MONTHS FROM THE DATE OF SAID DRAWING.

PRECEDENT—Harvard College raised building funds through a lottery, and the famous Louisiana Lottery did an annual business of 28 millions before its end

scrupulous lottery men had been alert to garner the pennies, nickels, and dimes of the desperate poor who otherwise could not gamble on the chance of sudden wealth. Originating in England as "lottery insurance," the introduction of policy, taking its name from the contraction of "insurance policy," definitely is linked with the lottery system. Only the basis of selection of winners, whether lottery numbers or any other shifting series of figures, marks the difference between the origin of policy in America and policy as it is played today.

In early accounts of lottery drawings, gleaned from newspapers of colonial days, one will find the same character of winners as today dominate news accounts of sweepstakes winners—the humble poor, or persons of modest circumstances. Thus, while this nation was still a struggling group of British colonies, is recorded the happiness of "a party of Thirty Females" in winning a capital prize of $1000. Individual investments in the common ticket ranged from $1 to 20 cents each. Congregational, Episcopal, Lutheran, Dutch Reformed churches, all are represented among edifices of worship built by lotteries and still standing along the eastern seaboard. A quaint advertisement of a lottery to build a church in Rhode Island in the early days of the republic is phrased, "As this lottery was granted promoting public worship and the advancement of Religion, we flatter ourselves that every well-wisher to Society and Good Order will become cheerful adventurers."

The Statehouse of Connecticut at Hartford, the New York State Capitol at Albany, New York City's City Hall, all were financed in whole or in part from the proceeds of lotteries. Early hospitals, highways, bridges, canals, were made possible by money derived from lotteries.

It was a canal lottery—that of the state of Pennsylvania—which was to doom the lottery system at the height of public frenzy. The take involved was staggering and apparent—of $21,248,891 worth of canal lottery tickets sold, less than $340,000 ever was paid in for canal construction—but such waste was merely incidental in the scandal.

The canal lottery was the only "official" lottery in Pennsylvania. Dissatisfied with the pickings within their own state boundaries, the promoters extended their sales territory to all parts of the United States. That policy brought about evil consequences. Lottery promoters in other states at once demanded to sell tickets for their own lotteries in Pennsylvania, threatening to bar sale of the Pennsylvania canal lottery tickets if not allowed to do so. As a result Pennsylvania became the national center of all the lotteries in the United States.

A lottery mania seized upon the citizens. Patrons were in a constant ferment. Stories of fortunate prize winners might be compared to the common tales of overnight millionaires—on paper—which attended the national stock market frenzy of the late 1920's. Application to one's job, patient thrift, were subjects for sneers. Madness was upon the people. Grogshops adjoining lottery ticket offices were thronged from opening to closing. Bulletins were rushed to such places upon receipt of news of the drawing results. With ticket holders drinking in anticipation of sudden fortune were men and women ruined by lottery play, cadgers hanging on because of the practice of winners to buy drinks for the crowd.

The last famed state lottery to survive was the Louisiana Lottery, banned by Congressional act in the early 90's. An important factor in its passing was the charge that capital prizes had been awarded to dummy ticket holders, or to persons pledged to "kick back" the lion's share of their winnings to promoters.

Would a national lottery be able to keep out grafting termites from its foundations? Lottery backers say it would. Only experience could tell.

Says Representative Kenney, sponsor of the bill which would make Uncle Sam a lottery man: "In bearing down so heavily on the taxpayer it is time for us to recall the proverb of what happened to the camel's back when the last straw was applied. Right now the taxpayer is carrying a load, which, added to, might destroy him and us with him. Still, we must have more revenue to meet the nation's bills. The way to get this revenue without taxation—and without disastrous inflation—is a national lottery. There can be no question that it would go far to balance the shifting budget."

—*Samuel Taylor Moore*

EWING GALLOWAY

SWEDEN, land of moderation and efficiency, countenances lotteries. The citizens of Stockholm do not appear to be suffering from moral decay

Reading Around the World

a timely digest of the best in print

FRENCH WITHOUT FRENZY

from "Journalist's Wife"

WHAT a difference it makes in housekeeping, being able to speak the language of the country! There is nothing so infuriating, or which gives me such a feeling of frustration, as not being able to say what I mean.

In Italy I had had no real troubles and rarely needed an interpreter. It was a class society, where a well-trained servant took her duties for granted: even on their free days my cooks always returned at 8 o'clock to prepare dinner. It never occurred to them that we should eat a cold meal. Germany had been very different, though I realize now that I should have had far less trouble had I kept a maid-of-all-work. Then, sure of undivided affection, she would slave like a dog for you. This precluded entertaining, but spared you all the emotional friction: the jealousy which made a housemaid sabotage the cook's work if she thought you preferred the latter!

In Berlin I had the stanchest of friends, and the fair Rhinelander who saw me through most of my early crises typified all that was sweetest in her country. But there were moments when the situation got me down. My husband would sometimes have to be called in, which is unfair to any man with his own job to do, or I would simply give up and curse myself for being such a mutt.

But in Paris I not only could do my own commissions; I knew the city and its ways; how you must continually press small tips upon the concierge if you want your mail delivered promptly; how you must first become a "person" and separate yourself from the anonymous mass if you want any real service.

"I should like to see some yellow silk," I say in a department store, and most probably the salesman replies, nonchalantly: "What do you want it for?"

My native British reaction would be, "That is *my* business." But I have learned better now.

"Well, you see," I confide, "I have a little guest room that faces north . . . not a bad little place, but cold, unfriendly-looking. Now, next week my husband's Aunt Martha is coming to visit us, and I thought that some gay curtains . . ."

Off flies the salesman . . . all the silks in every shade of yellow—brocades, organzas, taffetas, from the palest primrose to the deepest orange, are spread before me. He is indefatigable; he runs to other departments, fetches rings and hooks and matching silk fringe and ties; he is ingenious, suggests ways in which material can be made up, and if Madame needs a little seamstress to sew them . . . ?

All on account of that little guest room and Edgar's Aunt Martha.

If a *gendarme* blows his whistle, you must stop your car dead and be polite. In Germany you can impress minions of the law by shouting and authoritative tones: try that on a *flic* and you get a *contravention* at once. You must say: "You are quite right, *Monsieur,* you are absolutely right, *Monsieur;* it was my mistake, *Monsieur";* and then, the Frenchman's frantic urge for legal rectitude having been appeased, he will probably let you off with a mild reproof and possibly a compliment.—*Lilian T. Mowrer* (William Morrow & Co., $3.50)

ANCIENT SHORTHAND

from "Christian Science Monitor"

AS LONG ago as 300 B. C., the need for "shorte, swifte, and secrete writing" was acute. Xenophon, sitting at the feet of Socrates, was busy with wax tablet and stylus, making cryptic symbols to record the discourses of his illustrious teacher. And the famous orations of Cicero might have been lost in antiquity but for the aid of a shorthand system.

Shorthand, of a kind, was practiced in ancient Rome, where orators were almost as numerous as modern radio comedians.

Marcus Tullius Tiro, freedman and friend of Cicero, is credited with the invention of the first organized system of shorthand in 63 B. C. Tiro's system, unlike those of today, gained short forms through the use of initials, following in this respect the abbreviating formula in common use with the Romans. A separate sign for each of thousands of words must have necessitated a long and tedious study which would seem to be comparable only to the learning of Chinese characters. In spite of its difficulties, the system was taught in Roman schools, was learned by emperors—among others, the Emperor Titus—and remained in use for several centuries.

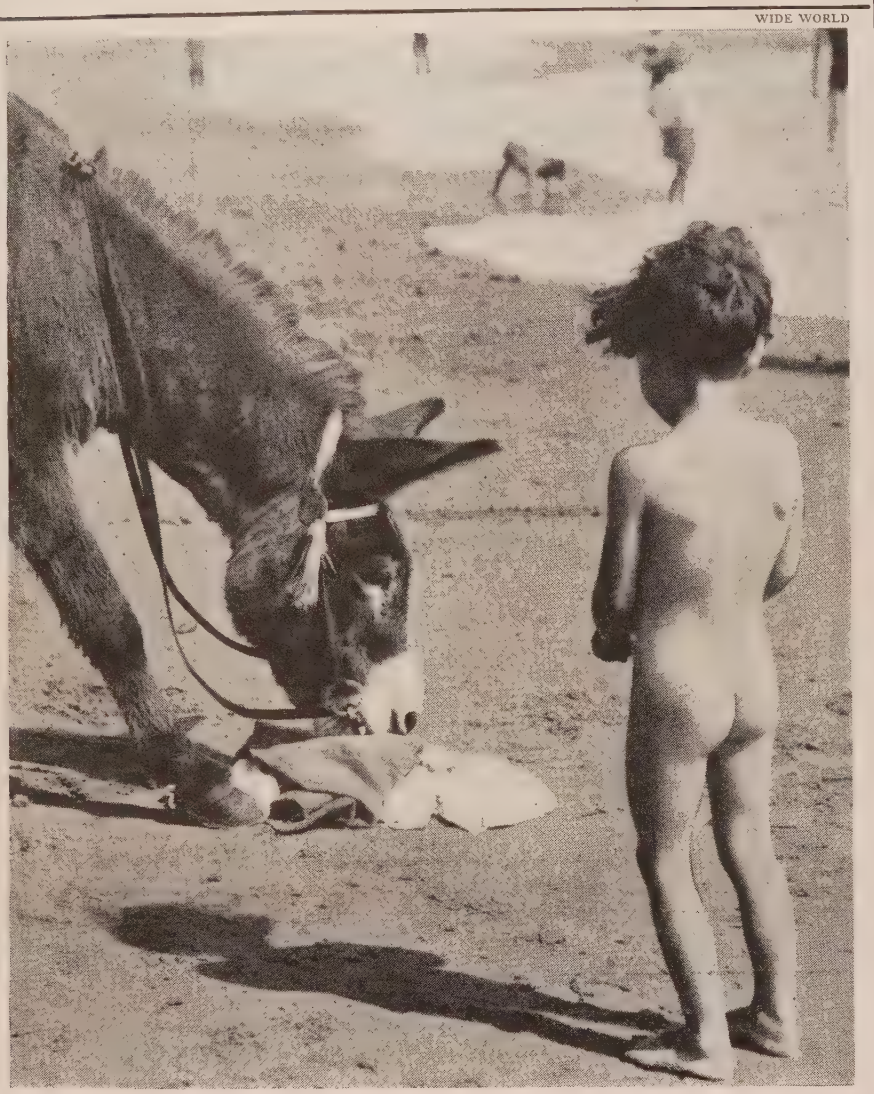
Long before Tiro's time, however, a system of brief writing was practiced by the Greeks. Specimens of ancient Greek *notae* are in the Vatican at Rome, the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris and the British Museum. The writing of shorthand in ancient times was quite different from its use even in Pitman's day. Pitman did his own printing. Xenophon and

THIS WEEK

French without Frenzy	*Journalist's Wife*
Ancient Shorthand	*Christian Science Monitor*
Eskimo Huskies	*Public Opinion, London*
Fortune in an Attic	*Yankee Bookseller*
Double-Ended Engine	*Baldwin Locomotive*
Besieged in a Tank	*Pravda, Moscow*
Japan's Boy Diplomats	*The Observer, London*
The Real Reno	*Cosmopolitan*
Postage Stamp House	*Amérique, New York*
Jungle Wares	*Collier's*
Education via Radio	*Journal of Adult Education*

Photo of the Week

WIDE WORLD



HICKORY LIMB WANTED, might point the moral for this charming child study taken on the English coast.—*Hudson Dispatch, Union City, N. J.*

Tiro knew nothing of printing or even of paper. They wrote shorthand with a stylus on wax tablets. It is said that Julius Caesar had a whole retinue of shorthand writers to whom he dictated in rotation. As soon as the wax tablet of one was filled, he would pass on to the next. These shorthand notes were transcribed upon other wax tablets, or in some cases upon parchment. Doubtless, a single typist could transcribe in a few hours more than all of Caesar's secretaries could do in a day.

ESKIMO HUSKIES

from "Public Opinion," London

THE famous Eskimo dogs of the Arctic are adopted into the Eskimo family when puppies by a sort of ceremonial massage, each having his legs pulled and stretched so that he may run well, his back kneaded, so that he may be strong to carry a burden. They pull his ears, and whisper into them, to make his hearing keen; blow their breath into his nostrils to make him keen-scented and able to follow a trail, and to discover seal holes under the snow. Then a name is given to the puppy, a small harness put on him, and he is tied to a post or some heavy article so that probably the first thing he learns is how to pull. Pulling will be his main work all his life.

If it is winter, the puppy and its mother will have a small snowhouse, with dry grass, or an old skin with fur on it, to keep them warm. If it is very cold, they may be taken into the house for a time. If the family needs to travel, the woman may put a puppy in her bootleg, which is quite wide, or in the hood of her coat, beside her own baby, to keep it warm. And always they talk to it as though it were a child.

The puppy may be named for any relative of its master or mistress. The name may serve for a man, for a girl baby, or for a puppy. The name of a dead relation is most often used. Thus a man may say to his wife: "Tie up my grandfather," meaning she is to tie up the dog whose name is that of his grandfather. The puppy is kept tied up until he is well grown. As he is often straining to get away, or to go somewhere, pulling becomes a fixed habit, and as he pulls he grows in usefulness.—*C. E. Whitaker*

FORTUNE IN AN ATTIC

from "Yankee Bookseller"

POE's *Tamerlane* was first printed in Boston in 1827. To own one of these books has been the dream, usually unrealized, of every bookseller.

In 1925 only four copies of *Tamerlane* were known. The next one was to come from Worcester, Massachusetts. The Worcester copy was owned by a woman living with her aged sister on the second floor of a small house in the heart of the city. The rent of the first floor eked out by needlework comprised the support of the pair. In the midsummer of 1925 Mrs. Dodd, the owner, was seated in her room reading the *Saturday Evening Post*. An article attracted her notice—"Have You a *Tamerlane* in Your Attic?" by Vincent Starrett.

Mrs. Dodd was living in an attic and she had a *Tamerlane*.

But was Mrs. Dodd's the real book—might it not be a reprint? Mr. Starrett, of course, could say and perhaps he would tell them where they could sell it. He was the man to write to, and a letter was sent forthwith.

As days passed to weeks with no reply, the hopes of the old woman faded, but on the advice of a friend they consulted the librarian of the Worcester Public Library. Mr. Shaw suggested that they write to Goodspeed's.

When Mrs. Dodd's letter announcing that she had a book entitled *Tamerlane*, and printed in Boston in 1827, appeared in my morning mail, I was as skeptical as the writer in the *Saturday Evening Post* professed himself when others told him that they had the book. In fact, I did not even trouble to go to Worcester the next day, but waited for the more convenient week-end. When, however, I found myself in Mrs. Dodd's room and, with trembling hand, she produced her book, I got the first of the thrills which we both experienced that day, for a glance showed that she had what I never expected to see—a genuine and fine copy of the most valuable book in American literature.

It was an interesting moment. Mrs. Dodd was eager, questioning—was hers the book of which Mr. Starrett wrote? Was it worth the $10,000 which he said it had brought? Where could she sell it?

I assured her at once that her book was genuine. As to its value, I had to speak with caution, for I felt there was danger of raising anticipations which might not be realized. The nearest approach to al-

Abuse?—Misuse?—Disuse?

A FOOT sometimes seems to break down all at once. The pain may be sudden but the breakdown almost always is gradual. Foot troubles, like ailments in other parts of the body, can usually be traced back to their sources.

If you have pain in your foot, you need the advice of your doctor or an orthopedist, who specializes in preventing and correcting foot and other deformities. He will endeavor to determine whether your foot has been subjected to abuse, misuse or disuse and will prescribe the best treatment for its present condition.

Abuse of the feet is largely a matter of ill-fitting shoes —too short, too narrow, too pointed, too high-heeled, too thin-soled, or with soles that are not flat but have a rocker-bottom appearance. A too-short stocking may also be responsible for foot trouble.

Misuse commonly means walking, standing or running with the toes pointed out instead of straight ahead. It also means throwing the weight of the body on the inside of the foot.

Disuse is insufficient exercise. When the feet are not properly exercised, the muscles supporting the arches often become weakened until the bony framework sags and the feet are nearly flat.

It is almost impossible to maintain good posture if one has deformed or weakened feet. Bad posture usually forces the vital organs of the body out of proper position and may lead to poor general health.

If you are having difficulty with your feet, consult your doctor who will advise about treatment, or may recommend seeing an orthopedic specialist. You may need a different type of shoe, or special foot and leg exercises, or some particular kind of arch support.

The joys of outdoor life, the pleasures of sightseeing, the benefits of walking, and the enjoyment of athletic sports are only for those who have sturdy, dependable feet.

The Metropolitan booklet "Standing Up to Life" presents useful foot exercises and contains valuable information on the care of the feet and on how to select shoes that fit. A postcard will bring you a free copy. Address Booklet Department 1237-V.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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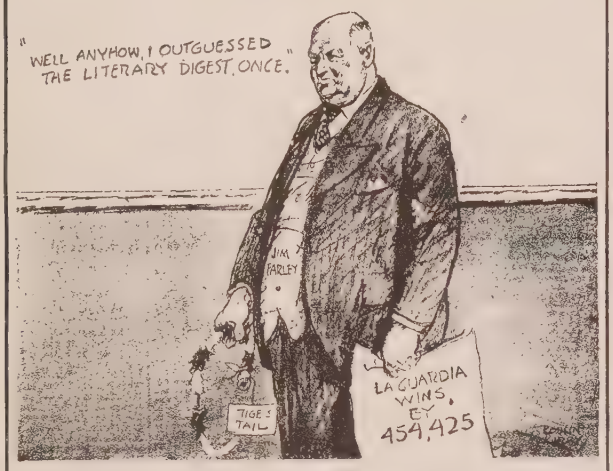
Cartoon of the Week



Into every life some rain must fall!—*New York World-Telegram*

truism of which I then found myself capable was to make the suggestion that she sell her *Tamerlane* through an agent on commission. To this proposition Mrs. Dodd readily assented, and agreed to put the book in my hands to sell for her; indeed, I think she would have accepted any advice which I might have given. Then, to anticipate the cavil of some doubting friend, I wrote a simple contract in which I agreed not to sell the book for less than $10,000 without first obtaining her consent in writing, and allowed myself a commission of 20 per cent.

I returned to Boston with the book in my possession. Half an hour after I left, Mrs. Dodd received an answer to her letter to Mr. Starrett. Unfortunately for him, he had been away from home and missed his chance at the book by thirty minutes.

It is one thing to price a book, but to sell it and get its maximum value is a different matter. My first offer of the book to Miss Greene, librarian of the Morgan Library, was declined on the ground that Mr. Morgan was not adding to his library books of purely collector's interest. I wrote next to Herschel V. Jones of Minneapolis. He was abroad. Owen D. Young then came to mind.

When next I saw Mrs. Dodd, she received me with trembling expectancy. Had I found anyone who was interested in her book? Did I think I could sell it? I answered her cautiously for fear of the effect of a too-sudden announcement. I told her that I *had* found a party who was interested in it—very much interested in it, but the customer whom I had in mind had left home for a two-weeks' journey and I reminded her that a great deal might happen in that time. He might become ill or accident might happen to him, but, assuming his safe return, she might reasonably count her *Tamerlane* as sold.

"And the price?" she asked, breathless with excitement. "You will remember," I replied, "the terms of our agreement provided that I should not sell the book for less than $10,000—which, less the commission, would net you $8000." "And am I to get $8000?" she exclaimed, incredulous. "Yes," I said, "it is even better than that—you are going to get fourteen thousand!" For a moment I thought she might faint, but in two or three minutes she controlled her emotions, exclaiming with tears on her cheek: "It is really so? I can go to Boston to the sales and I can take a taxi when I want to? Why, I'm a rich woman!"

A fortnight later I called at Mr. Young's Park Avenue apartment in New York. It was immediately after the breakfast hour. Mr. Young greeted me with his friendly smile and, calling his wife and daughter into the room, remarked that he would make it a family party. All three were curious to see this unusual treasure. It was the quickest business transaction to which I was ever a party, for as I handed Mr. Young the book, he took it with one hand and passed me his check with the other. Although the price of the *Tamerlane* may have been more than any American first edition had ever brought, I think that the owner has never considered it a bad purchase.—*Charles E. Goodspeed,* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75)

DOUBLE-ENDED ENGINE
from "Baldwin Locomotive"

At the turn of the century the McCloud River Railroad Co. was furnishing the Southern Pacific Company with cordwood for its engines, cut from the slopes of Mount Shasta in northern California. To negotiate the sharp curves and switchbacks on the steep mountain sides, the Baldwin Locomotive Works built for the McCloud River Railroad a double-ended locomotive consisting of two engines joined cab to cab, best described as a "Siamese twins" arrangement.

These two units carried fuel in wood racks placed alongside the boilers. There was a separate throttle lever for each unit, and the levers were connected in such a way that they could be operated either together or singly, as preferred. The two reverse levers were so connected that both sets of link motion could be controlled by either lever.

When the Southern Pacific changed to fuel oil, this locomotive was transferred to the logging operations of the McCloud River Lumber Company and later cut into separate units that were operated in switching service around the lumber mills. Several years ago the front half was sold to the Guy F. Atkinson Co. for use in the construction of the Pardee Dam, one of the major storage reservoirs for the Metropolitan East Bay Water Supply; and now today this veteran locomotive may be seen hard at work on Exposition Island at San Francisco, probably not as efficient as more modern power, but still capable of doing its share in creating this Pageant of the Pacific.—*Mark Noble*

BESIEGED IN A TANK
from "Pravda," Moscow

Today the crew of a Spanish republican tank, one of the three which stalled in yesterday's attack within the enemy lines near Saragossa, escaped from General Franco's men.

The three brave men have just reached the front lines of the governmental forces. They are covered with scratches and burns. Weary, but happy, they slowly tell their story.

In the attack their tank was disabled by shellfire. It was surrounded by Franco's troops and resisted, firing back for twelve hours. Gradually, however, the enemy drew closer, and with a shower of hand grenades, stormed the tank.

The crew locked themselves in and decided not to surrender alive. The enemy climbed on the tank and called to those inside. The crew sat quietly, playing dead.

The rebels decided to break the tank open. They began to climb all over it,

"SIAMESE TWINS": Double-ended locomotive built 35 years ago to conquer steep mountain sides. The two engines are joined cab to cab—*Baldwin Locomotive*

Poem of the Week

CONFEDERATE DEAD

Now that the salt of their blood
Stiffens the saltier oblivion of the sea,
Seals the malignant purity of the flood,
What shall we who count our days and bow
Our heads with a commemorial woe
In the ribboned coats of grim felicity,
What shall we say of the bones, unclean,
Whose verdurous anonymity will grow?
The ragged arms, the ragged heads and eyes
Lost in these acres of the insane green?
The gray lean spiders come, they come and go;
In a tangle of willows without light
The singular screech-owl's tight
Invisible lyric seeds the mind
With the furious murmur of their chivalry.

Excerpt from *Selected Poems*, by Allen Tate (Scribner's, $2.00)

some of them wielding hammers and crowbars, but the machine was as tight as a safe. The bolts inside held good.

After a few hours of this activity the enemy grew tired and decided to have a rest and lunch—right on top of the tank. Having eaten, they lay down on it for a siesta. At this moment one of the tankmen inside moved. The rebels instantly scattered away from the machine and renewed the attack with inflammatory grenades. The rubber of the tank caught fire.

"Inside we sat in silence and smoked cigarettes," says the commander of the tank. "It was the nineteenth hour of the fight, with the enemy all around us."

The fire burned for awhile, then went out before reaching the gasoline tanks. The crew of the tank heard the rebels consult among themselves. They decided to finish the job once and for all and not to stop until they saw the dead bodies of the tankmen and dragged them out of the machine.

A new attack began. Now there was nothing to hope for. The three fighters determined to kill themselves the instant the rebels succeeded in breaking into the tank.

Suddenly they heard a shell burst near the tank, then another, and then the cries of the wounded. The republican artillery, after infantry reconnaissance, had established accurate range, and was laying a screen of shells around the tank.

Then the cannonade quieted. The enemy had retreated to a safe distance and taken cover.

The decisive moment had come. It had to be used. This was their last and only hope of being saved.

The commander of the tank swung his gun round with difficulty and fired three shots. Then he took off the breechblock, gave it to the turret man and ordered him to escape. The enemy opened fire on the running man, who went flat behind the ridge of a hill. The commander placed the machine gun at the opening, fired one round, and ordered the driver to run. He himself was the last to dash for safety.

The enemy sent a hail of bullets after them. The three fighters lay flat on the ground behind a hillock until the rebels grew tired of firing. Then they made another dash and then a third. It was the twenty-fourth hour of their resistance.

Now they stand before us, smoking and drinking water. Thoroughly they explain the situation to those who will soon attempt to bring back the tank with an armored towing engine under the cover of a barrage.

Finally they reached an irrigation canal. Wading in water up to their necks they reached the republican trenches at last.

What saved those men a thousand times lost? It was their determination, their desire not to give up to the enemy so much as their last sigh, their last breath of air, the last glance of their honest young eyes.—*Mikhail Koltsov*

JAPAN'S BOY DIPLOMATS
from "The Observer," London

YOSHICHIKA and Tsunechika Tonami, the twelve- and nine-year-old sons of an Osaka bookseller, have entered the diplomatic field, perhaps with more success than some of their professional seniors have achieved.

They read in the newspapers of the wounding of the British Ambassador to China, Sir Hughe Montgomery Knatchbull-Hugessen, and of the bombing of the American liner, *President Hoover*.

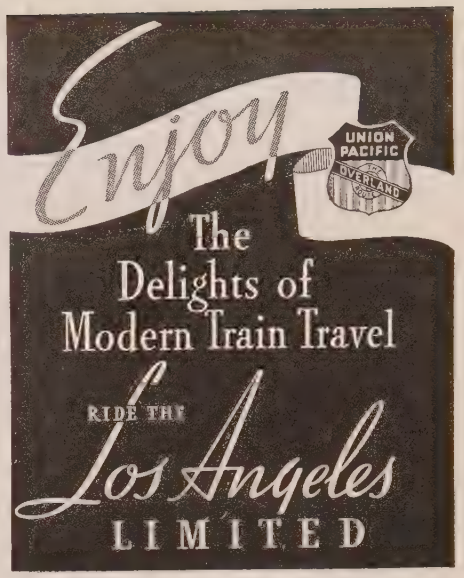
Then they decided to give up a toy electric train for which their father had given them ten yen and to devote half of the money to flowers for Sir Hughe, the other half for a similar token of sympathy to the sufferers in the *President Hoover* bombing.

With this aim in view, they visited the British consulate in Kobe and the office of the American steamship company in the same city, and presented their gifts, with appropriate speeches in each case.

THE REAL RENO
from "Cosmopolitan"

RENO is supposed to be the place where good marriages go when they die, the happy hunting ground of divorcées, but to tell the truth, there are twice as many elopements as broken marriages. The real ratio of happiness statistics is more than two to one.

Nor do the paradoxes end there. You are always hearing of the wide-open



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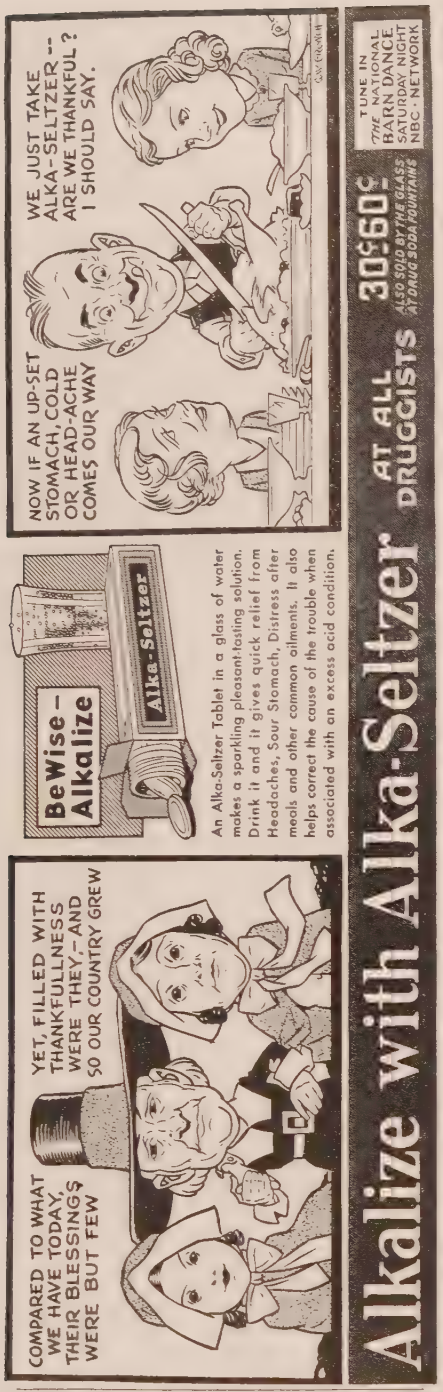
WE JUST TAKE ALKA-SELTZER -- ARE WE THANKFUL? I SHOULD SAY.
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TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC-NETWORK
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ALSO SOLD BY THE GLASS AT DRUG SODA FOUNTAINS
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An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling pleasant-tasting solution. Drink it and it gives quick relief from Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after meals and other common ailments. It also helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.
YET, FILLED WITH THANKFULLNESS WERE THEY,—AND SO OUR COUNTRY GREW
COMPARED TO WHAT WE HAVE TODAY, THEIR BLESSINGS WERE BUT FEW

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gambling and night life, but there are more beauty parlors than bars. Plenty of people have one foot in the grave and the other in Reno, but they need marcels more than morticians. See Naples and die—but see Nevada and take a new lease on life, is their slogan.

The town has its own cultured element which seldom comes in contact with the temporary residents. Aside from the business and retired people who have settled there, there is an artists' colony. The sage deserts coming up to meet snow-crested mountains offer unparalleled Landscapes for artists; James Swinnerton, among others, selects it for his subjects. Robert Sherwood wrote *The Petrified Forest* in Reno. A number of novelists and historians make it their headquarters while gathering research material at the famous mining towns near by. The Comstock Lode mines in Virginia City, which yielded over seven hundred million dollars in silver ore, are still being operated and are less than an hour's drive from Reno. Here, too, are many mementos of Mark Twain, who started his writing career in this section. His cabin is preserved in a park in Reno.

Reno's growing resort reputation brings two types of visitors—those out for all-night gambling and sightseeing, and those seeking a regimen of rest, riding, hunting and fishing.—*Virginia Kellogg*

Who could expect a Lion to release from her claws such delicious meat as the German Colonies?—*Kladderadatsch, Berlin*

POSTAGE STAMP HOUSE

from "Amérique," New York

THE Rising Sun tavern in the village of North Bersted, Sussex, England, has a unique distinction. The interior is a mass of postage stamps.

The walls are covered with stamps from floor to ceiling. So is the furniture. And overhead there is a solid canopy of stamps.

The late owner of the tavern, Richard Sharpe, got his inspiration during Queen Victoria's Jubilee of 1887. It took him years to complete the decorations. It is estimated that there are now over eight million stamps in the walls and ceiling, a collection that would have a great value if the stamps had not been varnished when pasted.

JUNGLE WARES

from Collier's

IT'S really amazing the number of things *you* use every day that have their origins in the jungles—the same jungles from which I bring back pythons, rhinos, water buffalo, elephants and members of the cat family. Why, even the peaceful tabby that purrs comfortably on your hearthside is a cousin to my leopards and tigers.

Perhaps the material of the chair you are sitting in as you read this grew in the jungle. If it's a porch or sun-parlor chair, nine chances out of ten the "cane" in it is rattan. Rattan is a vine which grows luxuriantly in the tropics.

Perhaps your chair came direct to you from an American factory. If so, it was probably wrapped in what you call burlap. In the East this is called "gunny." It's the same thing. The burlap in any sack you see grew as a water reed—called jute—along the mouth of the sacred Ganges River in far-off India.

You are perfectly safe in licking any government stamp because the glue on all stamps is absolutely harmless. It's made from a jungle base—tapioca. Don't be surprised—it's the same tapioca on your stamps that you had in that pudding for dinner.

Did I mention chewing-gum? Of course—jelutong. A form of wild jungle rubber—entirely different from the cultivated variety used in the manufacture of elastic fabrics—forms the basis of most chewing-gums.

And how about that white shirt—or chemise—you're wearing? Every wife, or washerwoman, knows it was made white—strangely enough—by bluing. Without the jungle we would have no bluing for our laundries.

Bluing is made from indigo, and indigo is a wild jungle plant from which most blue dyes are made. Wild originally, it is now cultivated and planted by those commercial-minded natives.

Castor oil, another important commercial product, also comes from the jungle. It is extracted from the seeds of *Ricinus*

communis, a native plant of the tropics, a common weed in Ceylon (from where you perhaps get your tea) and cultivated in India.

Undoubtedly coca in some form is in your medicine cabinet. Originally from Peru, where the natives used to chew its leaves to give them energy, the wild plant has been transported to Ceylon and Java, where it is extensively cultivated. It forms a small bush like the tea plant, and its mature leaves are picked, dried, and exported. What for? Any medical man will tell you, for the leaves of jungle-grown coca form one of our most valuable local anesthetics—cocaine.

Next time you sit down on your porch, eat a meal, mail a letter, drive your car, chew gum, or get sick—thank the jungle too!—*Frank Buck with Ferrin Fraser*

EDUCATION VIA RADIO

from "Journal of Adult Education"

OF THE seven hundred stations now licensed by the Federal Communications Commission to operate in the United States, thirty-eight, or almost 5.5 per cent, are owned by states, colleges, or other public institutions. Of these, twenty-six take no advertising whatever, and most of the others take so little that they can hardly be considered to operate primarily for profit.

The publicly controlled stations, whether owned by colleges, or, like WHA at Madison, and WLBL at Stevens Point, Wisconsin, under the direction of a state, have from the first sought to give an educational service. They vary their more serious programs with music, broadcasts of athletic events, and other entertainment; but information and instruction make the core of an educational station's schedule.

All the nonprofit stations offer courses. Often these cover a wide range of subjects—from agriculture and domestic science to psychology, political science, history, literature, and the languages. Many "schools of the air" are maintained by college broadcasters—the Ohio Junior Radio College (WOSU, Ohio State University), the Wisconsin School of the Air (WHA), the Florida School of the Air (WRUF, University of Florida), and the Oregon School of the Air (KOAC, Oregon State College). In proportion to their financial resources and technical equipment, all the educational broadcasters seek to place the university at the service of the people in the regions where they operate.

No American educational station has financing adequate for programs of as fine a type as its own staff would like to produce. The best commercial stations spend hundreds of thousands of dollars maintaining their buildings, personnel, and equipment, and paying professional entertainers. The largest budget I know to be available for an educational station is $25,000. Many of the twenty-six that take no advertising have less than $5000 with which to operate. Some can count on as little as $1500 explicitly devoted to radio.

Is the public interested in educational stations and in the broadcasts that they might give if they had something like adequate resources? At the present time, not greatly, I suspect. The Americans who want to be educated by the radio, or even those who want better programs, constitute a small minority. This minority, nevertheless, deserves to be served, for it includes the majority of our most thoughtful, sensitive, and able citizens.

For the cost of running one department in a large university we could put any one of our educational stations to work at something like its full power. It would not require an overwhelming sum to give half a dozen of them the strength necessary for good work. But we have never made the experiment even in a single case. We have never made a clear demonstration of what broadcasting for public service, and without profit, can accomplish.—*Frank Ernest Hill*

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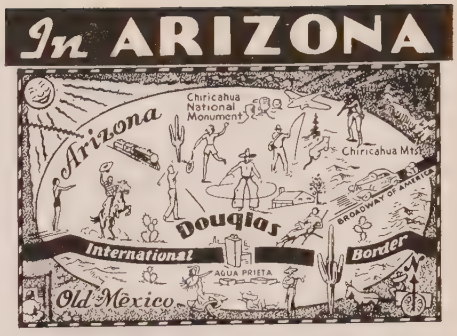
I'VE GOT TO SEE THE PRESIDENT! THE FATE OF NATIONS DEPENDS ON IT!
JUST GIVE HIM MY MESSAGE-
OPEN UP! HE'LL WANT TO SEE ME!
I GOT HIM 25 VOTES-
TELL FRANKLIN I MUST SEE HIM RIGHT AWAY
I GOTTA TELL JIM ABOUT OUR NEW BRIDGE
JAMES ROOSEVELT
REG MANNING

America's Prince of Wails.—*Arizona Republic (Phoenix)*



ABROAD At Home

Come to Douglas on the International Boundary for a visit to foreign lands! Just across the street is Old Mexico—musical, soft-spoken Spanish strumming guitars..crooked, old-world streets ..sombrero'd peons leading quaint little burros. ageless missions standing stark and beautiful against the horizon. The city of Douglas, in striking contrast, presents metropolitan shops, fine schools, modern living accommodations, and facilities for all kinds of outdoor sports including a splendid new all-grass golf course. But, again, just outside of Douglas one finds dude and cattle ranches in the West of yesterday..home of the lariat-throwing cowboy..the land of the Last Frontier. Come to warm, dry, sunny Douglas for play, relaxation, romance and exciting adventure!

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Arts and Letters

The Huxleys Carry On

ALDOUS HUXLEY's just published book of essays, *Ends and Means**—his twenty-fifth book at the age of forty-three—is merely one more volume in the five-foot shelf which holds the works produced by the industrious and literary Huxley family in the last hundred years. Grandfather Thomas Huxley, Darwin's friend, turned out an endless array of serious scientific papers and brilliant popular essays on morals, philosophy, and science for the general reader, which were not quite the same thing as the "popularized" science of our own day. Father Leonard Huxley, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* (once edited by Thackeray), was also a literary personage. So were Granduncle Matthew Arnold, the poet, critic, and inspector of schools, and Aunt Mary Augusta Ward, known to the public as Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the novelist. Great-granduncle Thomas Arnold, though anything but a novelist himself, was at least a central figure in one of the enduring novel classics for British boyhood —*Tom Brown's School Days.*

In this generation, the Huxley literary standard is upheld by two half-brothers, both sons of Leonard Huxley. By Aldous Huxley with six novels, five books of short stories, ten volumes of essays, two books of poetry, and two plays. By Julian Huxley, secretary of the London Zoological Society, formerly an Oxford don, formerly a professor at London University, author or co-author of some twenty books. Grandfather Thomas Huxley's gift for making science comprehensible has been reborn in Grandson Julian; but sometimes, when the literary side of the Huxleys comes uppermost in his nature, he takes to writing dramatic criticism.

Writer vs. scientist

Each brother occasionally seems to feel that the other's profession should have been his. Temporary blindness at the age of seventeen turned Aldous away from the study of science. Julian, now and then, breaks away from the microscope to steal Brother Aldous' thunder with books like *If I Were Dictator.*

Since he reached the age of seventeen, Aldous Huxley has been testily diagnosing the ills of twentieth-century man. From his observations of English post-war "society," the bright young people of the cocktail era, he decided some years ago that: "Life is a bad joke which takes a long time coming to an end."

It is just about 70 years since Aldous Huxley's scientific grandfather Thomas Huxley climbed to the rooftops of Victorian England to tell the English that they must accept anthropoid grandfathers. Pioneer Darwinist, Grandfather Huxley has given Aldous more than his name. The same preoccupation, science in the blood, the desire to explain and simplify, reveals itself in Aldous Huxley's *Ends and Means.* But whereas the elder Huxley was concerned with the thickness of men's skulls, his grandson frets over the hardness of their hearts. Perhaps that, too, is an inherited trait from another Victorian ancestor, moralist-critic Matthew Arnold.

Enter the reformer

The *Ends and Means* of which Mr. Huxley writes are the purposes which modern society ought to have and the means by which he thinks they might be achieved. The modern world, as he sees it, is pretty much of a mess, and the queer thing is that everyone agrees it is a mess. "We know what sort of society we should like to be members of and what sort of men and women we should like to be." That is, we want "freedom, justice, and peaceful coöperation." More or less vaguely, we want to be what Huxley calls "unattached"—superior to the world of sensation, lust, power, possessions, wealth, fame and social position. "Non-attachment to self and to what are called 'the things of this world' has always been associated in the teachings of the philosophers and the founders of religions with attachment to an ultimate reality greater and more significant than the self."

The trouble is, that all over the modern world we are trying to get at the right ends by the wrong means. Politics, education, and a good deal of religion are all wrong. Allegedly "modern" views of sex ignore the fact that "chastity is one of the major virtues, inasmuch as, without chastity, societies lack energy and individuals are condemned to perpetual unawareness, attachment and animality."

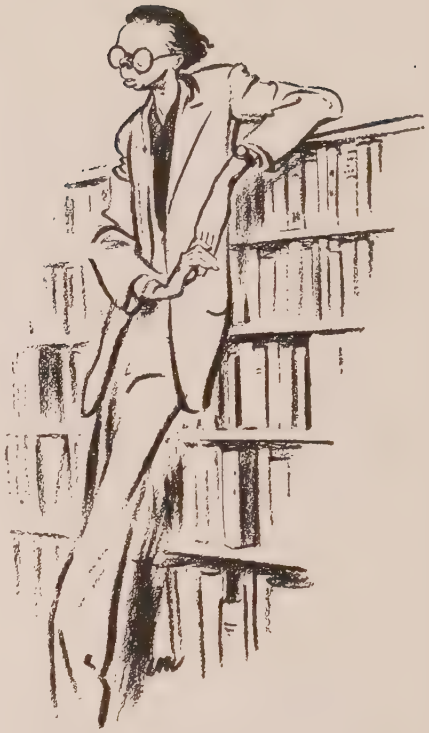
The means of escape lie in soundet "political, economic, educational, religious, and philosophic devices that must be used if we are ever to achieve the good ends that we all profess to desire."

Tall, dark, thick-bespectacled Huxley spends most of the year in Italy, preferring "sunlight to literary company."

Some conclusions he has reached after visiting America: that Duke University is the most perfect example of neo-Gothic architecture in the world; that he would probably go "cracked" after a while in New York, since it is "the only place in the world where one can go to bed at 4 A. M. and get up at 8."

Fastidious critic of life and people, one feels that Aldous Huxley will never be content with this simian world. He is searching the horizon for a ship he has never seen. He lives to learn and unravel the ideas that obsess the world today, but his interpretation and solution are for the chosen few.

*Harper, $3.50



PROPHET OF COCKTAIL ERA: Aldous Huxley as seen by the British cartoonist, Low, in *The Nation*

Philadelphia's New Cézanne

CÉZANNE'S "Bathers," universally recognized as one of the greatest masterpieces of modern times, has been acquired for Philadelphia.

Painted in 1898-1905 and obtained from the Pellerin Collection of Paris, the painting becomes a part of the Wilstach Collection of the City of Philadelphia and will be first exhibited at the Art Museum on the Parkway, where it will be hung in a gallery of its own.

The acquisition of the "Bathers" gives to Philadelphia and its neighborhood the distinction of owning the two best-known versions of the painter's famous subject. The second version, and a slightly smaller picture, is in the collection of the Barnes Foundation at Merion, Pennsylvania, and was purchased from the Vollard Collection in 1933.

Topics in the News

Business . Science . Education . Movies . Theater

BUSINESS: "What this country needs," etc.

A LEARNED society in annual or semi-annual meeting rarely furnishes news for cynical city editors. But the recent meeting of the 57-year-old Academy of Political Science provided Page 1 news, partly because of the topic for discussion, more so because of its prominent speakers. "Expenditures of the Federal Government" was the general theme, and to explore this touchy subject the Academy invited the Secretary of the Treasury, a Wall Street banker, and a United States Senator.

S. Parker Gilbert, partner in J. P. Morgan & Co., concerned himself not so much with the expenditures of the government as with its income from taxation. "At present," he declared, "we have probably the worst tax system of any civilized country. This is not the fault of any one political party or administration, though it must be admitted that the last five revenue laws, passed one each year for five years, have contributed some of the worst pieces of the crazy quilt.

"Present taxes," Mr. Gilbert stated, "actually favor established interests and accumulated wealth. The so-called undistributed-profits tax, one of the most wicked taxes ever devised, falls heaviest on small and growing businesses and on those which are struggling and burdened with debt. To the great established business concerns it is relatively bearable, but it affects them arbitrarily and unevenly, and they, too, suffer from the general damage to the country's business. The tax produces little or no revenue, it paralyzes the capital goods industries, and it greatly exaggerates extremes of boom and depression."

Likewise, the extreme variations in the income tax, Mr. Gilbert charged, were arbitrary and capricious in their operation, hurt people of large incomes and were "equally hypocritical and perhaps more burdensome" to the small taxpayer.

It is high time, in Mr. Gilbert's opinion, that we became aroused to the iniquity and the dangers of our present tax system, which, if continued, "threatens not merely the revenues but the progress of the country." Nothing, he holds, would accomplish more toward the revival of business confidence than the repeal of the undistributed-profits tax, the reduction of the social security taxes, and the moderation of those extreme rates of taxation which are unproductive and which "are working so insidiously to discourage individual initiative and the future development of free enterprise."

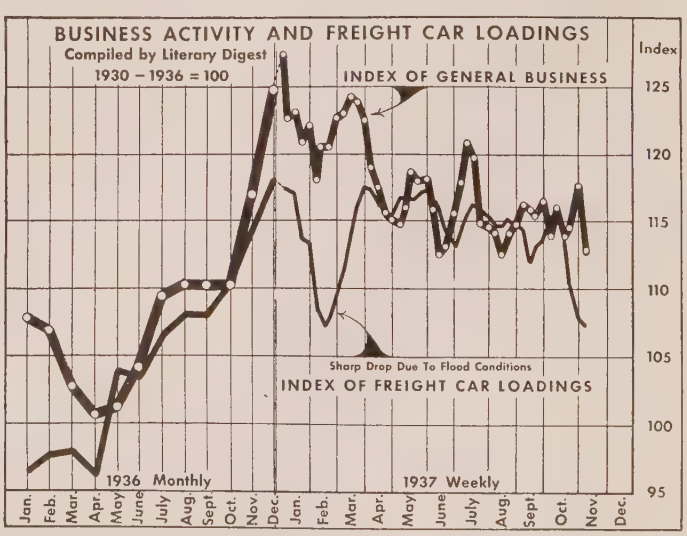
Senator Harry F. Byrd, of Virginia, declared that the budget would not be balanced next year, in this way: "We are told that a balanced budget is on the way. I cannot credit this prophecy. On the contrary, I predict that on July 1, 1938, the estimated deficit of $895,000,000 will be at least twice that sum. Without reduced spending the outlook for 1939 is equally gloomy, because the business recession—as predicted even by government officials for 1938 and already felt by business—will be reflected in revenues.

"My reasons for predicting a much larger 1938 deficit are, first, that the revenue will not reach the estimates, and secondly, the President has allowed only $180,000,000 for deficiency and new appropriations in the next eight months, while our deficiency and new appropriations in 1937 were nearly $1,000,000,000."

Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, discussing the prospects for a balanced budget, declared: "To attain an ordinary balancing of the budget next year—that is, a balance after full provision for accruing liabilities, for old-age benefit payments, but exclusive of debt retirement—it would be necessary to accomplish a net improvement of about $700,000,000 in our budgetary position. To be prudent, we should not count on an increase in revenues next year from the existing tax structure. Nor should we impose additional taxation. Instead, we should plan to bring next year's expenditures within this year's income. . . . By focusing attention on the several classes of expenditures that have been mainly responsible for our past deficits—namely, public highways, public works, unemployment relief, and agriculture—it is apparent that great savings can be made."

Thus Secretary Morgenthau advocated "a vigorous program for the progressive reduction of federal expenditures" to balance the budget. In so doing, he was the first administration spokesman to show specifically how such reductions might be

	1937			1936
	Nov. 6	Oct. 30	Oct. 23	Nov. 7
STOCK SALES	141	144	127.1	112
BOND SALES	90	87	85	116
BANK DEBITS—N. Y. CITY	88	88	79	86
DEPOSIT CIRCULATION—N. Y. CITY	104	105	88	88
BANK DEBITS OUTSIDE N. Y. CITY	118	121	113	119
FREIGHT CARLOADINGS	107	108	110	112
BITUMINOUS COAL PRODUCTION	——	115	119	119
CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION	143	146	144	120
AUTOMOBILE PRODUCTION	124	138	143	92
ELECTRIC POWER PRODUCTION	131	133	133	124
COTTON FORWARDINGS	134	137	132	129
CONSTRUCTION CONTRACTS	122	132	118	100
STEEL PRODUCTION	84	90	95	126
INDEX OF GENERAL BUSINESS	**114**	**117**	**115**	**113**



OUR INDEX OF BUSINESS goes down this week, continuing, perhaps, the period of hesitancy that began in April. Carloadings of freight, plotted also on this chart, show a decided five-weeks' drop

accomplished, although he added that "balancing of budgets needs the help of industry to keep up total tax receipts unless we are again to resort to deficit financing." Most important to business men was the Secretary's intimation, by indirection, that among the taxes to be considered for revision and modification would be the capital-gains and surplus-profits levies.

SCIENCE: Our deepest secret is the ocean's bottom

WILLIAM BEEBE, foremost ocean naturalist and deep-sea hunter extraordinary, is just setting out on his latest exploration. Boarding the yacht *Zaca* at San Diego, he sails slowly southward along the tropical shores of Mexico and Central America, to go as far as Panama.

Beebe is paying special attention to whale sharks and to evidences of kinship between Pacific and Atlantic fishes. But he will also investigate fauna and flora in general, down to depths of more than a mile, and his co-workers will note hidden canyons, ridges, and shelves, and try to elucidate something of our darkest, most fascinating secrets, those of the ocean's floor. Investigators of Earth and its life believe that the deep-sea bottoms hold solutions to problems of the rise and fall of continents, of the origin of great oceanic basins, even of the creation of life.

As Beebe sets out, hitherto unknown features of submarine lands are being brought to light from the records made by experts aboard the British Colonial Office's *Discovery II,* recently returned to Plymouth, England, after a twenty-month, 50,000-mile expedition through the eastern Atlantic, across the Indian Ocean, and south of Australia, into the Antarctic's Ross Sea. Specimens of oceanic deposits and of animal and plant life were brought up from depths as great as three miles. Currents, temperatures, depths were charted, and topography mapped.

Particularly interesting to scientists are the records regarding submerged canyons and regarding variation in the matter which blankets the bottom. Soundings made by *Discovery II* and by American scientific expeditions have shown the existence of hundreds of off-shore canyons, such as the most famous one, the Hudson River Canyon, which extends out to sea from New York Harbor. Thirty other examples have been charted along Georges Bank off the New England coast. Numerous deep chasms are also carved in the Pacific's floor; along the coast between the northern end of Vancouver Island and southern California, and off Hawaii. Now their distribution is known to be world-wide. Many are more than a mile deep, with very steep walls.

Farther out to sea than these submarine abysms lie the mysterious blankets which coat many million square miles of ocean floor. As the coast is left far behind, and the depth increases, fine sand gives way to mud, mud to ooze, and, in the lowermost regions, ooze grades into red clay.

How have these vast subsea chasms been formed? Perhaps by down-foldings of the earth's crust. Perhaps by the scouring effect of gravel- and mud-laden currents sweeping out to sea from great rivers, like the Hudson. Scientists are not sure. They hope to learn more from the records of *Discovery II.* Beebe, too, may return with helpful hints.

Smoked Turkey

OUR COVER this week shows a view at America's only smoked-turkey farm, at Ossining, New York. Turkeys are killed, cleaned, and then soaked for ten days in a brine solution that contains eleven secret ingredients.

Later, hung high in a special shed, they are smoked over green apple wood. Thus flavored by brine and cooked by smoke, the turkeys may be kept indefinitely under refrigeration. When eaten their flavor is different from that of turkey cooked in the ordinary way.

Pinesbridge Farm, where the turkeys are smoked, is operated by Ike Kam (shown on the cover), 79-year-old son of the former chef to Kaiser Wilhelm, and Max Blitzer, retired lighting-fixture business man. Production of smoked turkeys now averages 500 a month and shipments are made to every state.

EDUCATION: Psychology students watch kids at play

ON A LINE of stools in a specially partitioned room in Keating Hall, Fordham University, last week, a group of grownups sat, noiselessly scribbling notes. Students of the psychology department, they wrote with eyes gazing through a one-way screen athwart the partition into a nursery room where ten apple-cheeked toddlers romped and laughed.

LITERARY DIGEST PHOTO BY COPLAN

TURKEYS HANG HIGH in this smoke-oven of Max Blitzer; and the dining-room table has a new delicacy

From the children their eyes shifted to a small, blonde woman in green smock, who moved quietly among them, uttering soft commands or entreaties with a German accent. She was Mrs. Anna Blitz, nursery teacher and former student of Dr. Charlotte Buhler, world-famous child psychologist of Vienna. Presently another woman, dark and taller, strode in, every characteristic marking her an American. She was Mrs. Emilie D. Schloemer, child psychologist and nursery expert who has trained 500 children individually.

Their charges, five boys and five girls, ranging in age from 3 to 5, were the sons and daughters of college graduates. All perfectly normal, psychologically and physically, they had been hand-picked by the Rev. Walter G. Summers, head of Fordham's new psychology department, and Dr. Maris Maudry, in charge of child psychology, for a study unique in child development in the United States.

Like many another university psychology department, Fordham's, in its five years' existence, has had child-guidance clinics for behavior-problem study. But this project is said to be the first in this country in which the principles of Dr. Buhler are applied to a pre-school nursery.

The object is not to discover anything; rather it is to develop before the psychology students (studying for their doctorates and master degrees) the system of infant self-expression worked out by Dr. Buhler. Her credo is: "Don't force a child's development; let it come naturally. There is talent in every child. Guide it when it arrives, because nature varies the pattern of every individual."

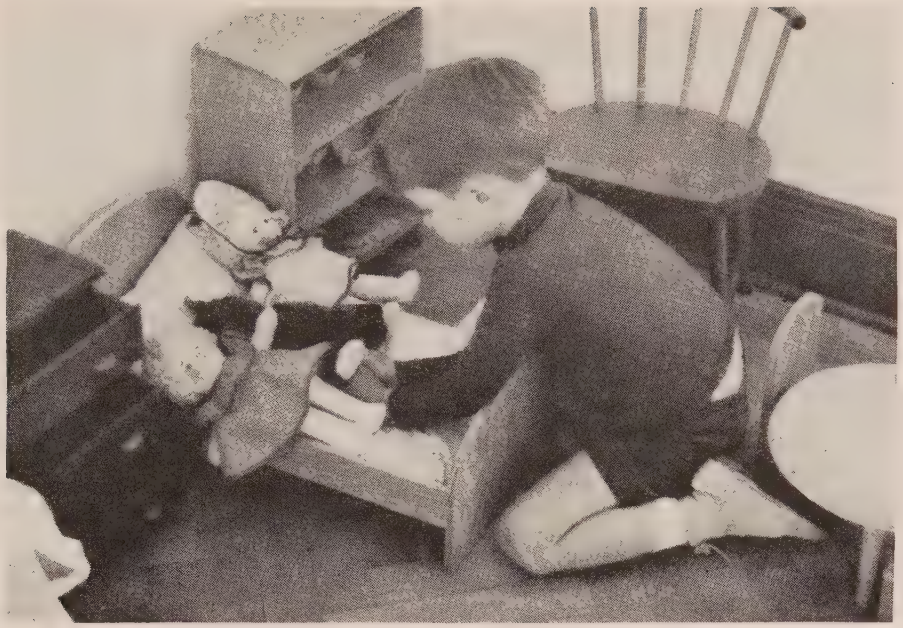
The idea is to let the child follow its own bent, within reason, putting on the brakes when this goes out of bounds. It is predicated on the assumption that normal children want to do the right thing and will, if given proper directional stability, but that they are often prevented by a wrong parental point of view.

For example: Encourage your child to strike back when his playmate intentionally strikes him. It creates independence, assertion, and ultimate understanding. The theory is that words—adults' weapons of daily combat—mean little to children of from 3 to 5, whereas action instantly registers with effect.

Another example is: Don't spank your child. Dr. Buhler frowns upon it except as an extreme measure. She tries instead to create understanding in the offending child, impressing upon it that, just as violation of physical laws brings pain, so does this happen in moral laws.

Last week, these and other precepts of the new order of child-training were being worked out with gratifying results at the Fordham nursery. The study children testing them were having one grand time, too. They are brought to the nursery every morning at 9 by their parents.

Once assembled and inspected, the children are taken outdoors for an hour's romp. They play in sand, on non-dan-



BEHIND A SCREEN of one-way glass, students of child psychology watch Fordham University's test group of pre-school children at play

gerous slides, swings, or with balls. No effort is made deliberately to coördinate activity, because this might rob the child of self-development through its own inclinations. Back in the nursery, the ten children are washed and brushed and given tomato juice. After this they have a twenty-minute nap. Mrs. Schloemer says there is not enough rest for children today. Due to excess nervous tension, she declares, some children are neurotics before they are 8. Some may be overstimulated from the outdoor play, requiring special consideration.

Refreshed by sleep, the youngsters soon swarm all over the room. They cannot see the watching students jotting down remarks on language growth, physical mannerisms, reactions to emotional situations, social characteristics.

The toys they play with and other articles are regular nursery paraphernalia, designed for self-achievement purposes: a sand box in one corner, lettered blocks in another, a small easel, chairs and a table, and other play items. It is, in truth, a small paradise for them. Mrs. Schloemer and Mrs. Blitz are supposed to be the "perfect mothers."

When a child asks a question the answer is not: "Go away. Don't bother me." The tot gets the information as best it can be given. If another reminds Mrs. Schloemer that she promised to help at blocks, she doesn't change her mind. On the other hand, if Johnny or Betty suddenly decides to go into tantrums, the psychologists take a definite stand. They don't take to "mama-ing." They say "No!"

Two hours have whizzed by and the children now get out their tiny cots and blankets and lie down for a twenty-minute relaxation period in which they do not sleep. This over, they loll about until noon, when parents come to fetch them.

Says Mrs. Schloemer: "Children will and can develop at their own rate of speed. Many educational systems have hurried and crowded children. We are proving that all good education is based on psychology. Many parents are too eager to love their children, and never let them do a thing. After all, you have to live with your children about twenty-five years, and a few common-sense applications in bringing them up might make the difference between a life of happiness or regret."

SPORTS: Platform paddle tennis as an outdoor winter game

YOU CAN PLAY it at 6 degrees above, or at 100. You can play it in winter and in summer, after snow and after rain. It's the only sport using a court, a ball, and a bat which can be played outdoors the year around, in practically any sort of weather.

This probably sounds like the millennium to those who play outdoors. But platform paddle tennis does do the trick. It is played on a wooden platform, with paddles, under almost the same rules as tennis. The major points of difference are that paddle tennis allows but a single service, that the ball may be played off the back and side walls, that the court is little more than half the size of the standard tennis court.

Otherwise, when you play platform paddle tennis you play tennis. You use all the tennis strokes—lobs, smashes, deep drives, forehand and backhand, and any tricks of your own. If you are a strategist, you plan your game in advance, and use all your tennis skill in carrying out the campaign.

There isn't so much space to move about as on a tennis court—the platform is only 30 by 60 feet—but that space has

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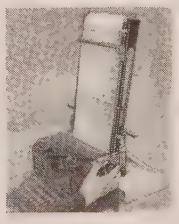

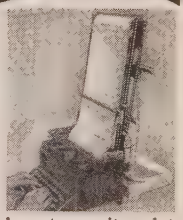

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to be covered so much more often that the game is quite as strenuous as its parent. The doubles court markings are 20 by 44 feet, instead of 36 by 78, as in tennis.

A laminated wood racket is used, with a grooved face, similar to a ping-pong bat, but heavier. The highest-priced one costs $5. The ball is made of sponge rubber, long-lasting, and costs as much as 25 cents. Nets range up to $6, the latter being the permanent, tarred variety. The court itself, made of light or heavy planks, can be assembled by any man who knows that the claw of a hammer is not webbed. Back stops and side walls, 12 feet high, are of wire-mesh fencing erected on wooden uprights.

The game was originated in two steps: In 1924 a New Yorker, Frank P. Beal, wanted a compact form of tennis for children to use on crowded playgrounds. He quartered the size of the tennis court, introduced paddles and sponge rubber balls—and there was paddle tennis.

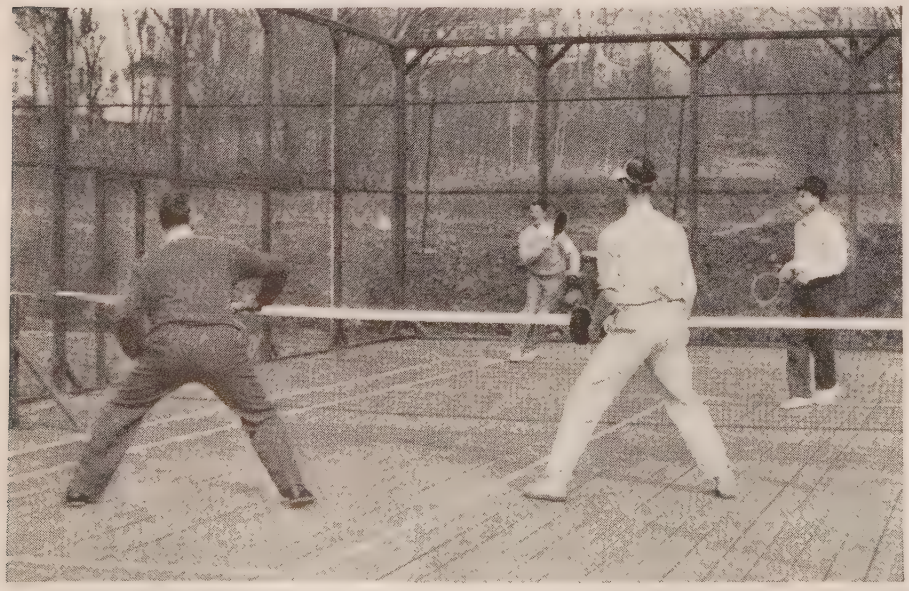
Then in 1928 two New York suburbanites, F. S. Blanchard and James K. Cogswell, bemoaning the fact that the tennis season had gone, began tinkering with deck tennis played in driveways. But trucks also use driveways; so the two laid out a small, wooden court on Cogswell's property. There they tried badminton, until they heard of paddle tennis.

They tried paddle tennis. They liked it. But they found it too much of a children's pastime. So they experimented with courts of various lengths, and raised the net. Then by accident they found that playing the ball off the back and side walls added to the speed of the game.

The sweeping popularity of this all-weather tennis has resulted in the formation of the American Paddle Tennis Association, which conducts championship tournaments every winter — outdoors. Regular tennis clubs in financial difficulties because of winter idleness have found the game a magnet for members.

Everyone can play it: the rich know that it is becoming smart. The poor know that it is cheap. Both know that it is good sport. It's easy to learn, yet fast when played well.

NEWS PHOTOS



OUTDOORS, IN WINTER, you can play tennis. Court is small; rackets are paddles; ball is soft rubber and may be played off the wire screen

MOVIES: *The Hurricane* is literally a howling success

THE FABULOUS Mr. Goldwyn has done it again. Sharpen up your superlatives to greet *The Hurricane,* bigger, noisier, stormier, wilder than even Sam Goldwyn's previous flights into the incredible.

Precisely what this potentate of United Artists has done is not immediately clear. The surging fury of South Sea cyclones, accompanied by the most deafening sound-track this reviewer has ever heard, tends to overwhelm the casual spectator. *The Hurricane* is a howling success.

Jon Hall, a new screen find, is its hero. Mr. Hall's role requires him to wear his hair decidedly on the long side and perform any number of nautical miracles. So much so that a man near your reviewer, observing him poised atop a mast, near the end of the film, pleaded in a pained undertone, "Don't let him dive again."

Let no one speculate on what Jon Hall will be like if they ever put him in mufti. In this South Sea idyl by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall he is exquisite, though by no means Polynesian. The same goes for his running-mate, Dorothy Lamour. She sports as fine a pair of limbs as the screen has seen in a dog's age, but no amount of hibiscus blossoms and flowered paraos (the South Sea costume) will delude any one into thinking she hails from those parts. When Miss Lamour opens her mouth, the jinx is up.

The Hurricane is no sequel to the Pitcairn Island epic, *Mutiny on the Bounty.* It is rather an imaginative romance based on the real premise that Pacific hurricanes sometimes lash whole islands away.

Manukura is the name of the island. The film opens with the ecstatic nuptials of Marama (Miss Lamour) and Terangi (Mr. Hall). Life would have continued in dreamy bliss had not Terangi been jailed unjustly in Tahiti for hitting a French bully. Imprisoned there, he is abandoned unmercifully by his Manukura French governor, a martinet who enforces absolute discipline. Terangi's escape is climax No. 1 and represents an all-time high in celluloid man-hunts. Fleeing 600 miles home in a canoe to wife and baby, he is saved from execution (for a jailer had been killed) at the hands of the heartless Manukura governor by climax No. 2: the hurricane. That, stripped, is the familiar plot, but the torrential din occupies so many feet and is so overwhelming as to submerge plot and characters.

It also submerges the fact that Director John Ford has pulled some inexcusable boners. Why did he permit Jon Hall, supposedly starving, to show up strong and clean-shaven after a 600-mile canoe voyage? Why did he let Raymond Massey, a distinguished actor, turn the French governor into a Hans Andersen ogre? There is an unmistakable odor of ham here, just as there is in C. Aubrey Smith's last scene. Mr. Smith gives a fine performance as Manukura's French priest, but the Nearer-My-God session, when he and the natives are huddled in the stone church while the storm knocks it in on them, is trying. And why, after forty-eight hours of a hurricane that devastates the entire civilization to its last tree, does Mary Astor (the governor's wife) show up with dress pressed and pleated, hair neatly waved?

These matters bear mention only because John Ford (who directed *The Informer*) headed up the job. Perhaps one should forgive him, for his photography is breathtaking and his storm ranks with the locust plague of *The Good Earth* and the earthquake of *San Francisco.*

Nobody will go to *The Hurricane* for the story, but everyone will go. They'll all want to know whether they'll feel like the lady who was half-carried out of the theater at the New York première. "Oh dear, oh dear," she moaned, her cheeks pale green; "I've never been so seasick."

A David Garrick legend

DAVID GARRICK, England's fabulous eighteenth-century actor, is the hero of a deliberately legendary legend called *The Great Garrick.* An introduction will tell you that the ensuing tale *might* have happened to Garrick, but didn't.

It is a sparkling way to treat history—a new idea that, sad to relate, doesn't come off. It should have the pep and brilliance of a story unhampered by biographical fact. On the contrary, it is about as stilted, mannered, and pretentious

BEFORE THE STORM, and before his earlier imprisonment and escape, Terangi cavorts with Marama in the latest screen spectacle, *The Hurricane*

an hour-and-a-half as Warner Brothers ever have unreeled. All this in spite of the fact that the producer is Mervyn *(They Won't Forget)* LeRoy, the director James *(Journey's End)* Whale, the star the ebullient Brian Aherne. Even Edward Everett Horton and Luis Alberni are bogged down by the labored comedy.

THEATER: Clifford Odets' *Golden Boy*

HARD CRITICISM and violent differences of opinion are inevitable results of a Clifford Odets play. New York's critics and intellectuals, having pinned their hopes on the author of *Waiting for Lefty* and *Awake and Sing,* refuse to be let down. His new drama, *Golden Boy,* is drawing all the anticipated reactions and more than the anticipated audiences.

To the indiscriminate, an Odets work is dynamic, vital, a two-fisted, hard-hitting overdose of knockout drops. An evening with him is an evening of real stuff, an unforgettable and indescribably exciting event. It is precisely this quality that sets the highbrows on their ears. This brilliant young man is their White Hope of the American theater. When he doesn't measure up to their standards, they kick like steers.

Golden Boy (presented by the Group Theatre, like all Odets plays) suffers this very lack of stature. The story of a boy who turns from violin to pugilism to win the power and money of a boxing champion, it is rated excellent in spots, trash in others. The Group Theatre, famed for sincere acting, wins unanimous praise for its vibrant performance. The Odets dialogue and minor characters also rate thorough acclaim.

During Joe Bonaparte's rise to fame and tragedy —he and his girl drive to death in a Duesenberg when he finds he has killed his ring opponent—you meet Morris Carnovsky as as the boy's mutely tragic Italian father who sacrificed all for his son to be a musician.

You also meet Frances Farmer, late of Hollywood and *The Toast of New York,* as the pathetic tough girl who dies with Joe. Jules Garfield is on hand as Joe's taxi driver brother-in-law, investing his comedy role with restraint. Luther Adler squeezes every drop out of his interpretation of the tragic Joe. One keeps returning, however, to thoughts of Odets.

"He is the possessor," says Richard Watts, Jr., in the New York *Herald Tribune,* "of a great and exciting dramatic talent. The good parts of *Golden Boy* prove that conclusively. But the bad parts prove that Odets needs a lot of discipline before he becomes, in truth, the theater's golden boy."

"Exposing" the Church?

THE Goodmans, father and son, have caused considerable consternation and argument with their drama of a young man's disillusion upon discovering that the Church to him is a bundle of hypocrisy. *Many Mansions* is the story of this youth's defiance of his family, his girl, and all his opportunities, in order to enter the Church. Once in, he is unfrocked for his troubles. He believes in the spirit of religion, while his colleagues believe only in its conventions.

The controversy rages fast and furiously. One paper actually refused to accept the play's advertising because the ad stated it exposed the smugness, cowardice, and evils of the Church.

Critics found it heavy, although absorbing. Alexander Kirkland plays the youth whose ideals are destroyed.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

ALBANIA, Siam, Liberia, and some other members of the League of Nations glance nervously now and then at the chair where Ethiopia sat.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

The arms race takes a new and mysterious tack. Hereafter no European navy will be at war strength without a flotilla of unidentified submarines.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

A girl may wear a golf shirt and never play golf, or wear a bathing suit and never go near the water—but when she puts on a wedding gown, boys, she means business!—*Niagara Falls Review.*

Civilization—A state of society in which it is possible for a book to be published entitled, *Tap Dancing as a Career.—Dublin Opinion (Ireland).*

"More than 300 tons of sugar are wasted every year in the bottom of teacups," says a statistician. This announcement is expected to cause a great stir in Aberdeen.—*Aberdeen Sunday Express (Scotland).*

The superiority of animals to men, said Bernard Shaw recently, is shown in the fact that in fifty years we shall perhaps have invented a machine that will milk cows without the presence of the farmer but never without the cow!—*Sascha Guitry in Vendemiaire (Paris).*

IT IS RUMORED*

THAT THE Japanese-Chinese war will be over by Christmas, and that Japan's peace terms will be surprisingly moderate.

That a municipal ordinance to limit the number of persons who may occupy a rented room is being discussed at Miami Beach, the idea being to spread prosperity among the natives of that winter spot and immunize local real estate from the depression illness of "doubling up."

That Tammany Hall, far from being dead, will hire a well-known New York political writer to inaugurate a four-year faultfinding campaign with the La-Guardia administration's "mismanagement" of New York City's affairs.

That a superhighway will be constructed, extending across the continent, and with feeders running north and south from Canada to Mexico, the great project being advanced in the interest of national defense and based on the great military highways of Europe.

That an old castle on the Windsor Castle estate in England is being remodeled at a cost of $1,000,000. Its 1000 acres are being landscaped in keeping with the pattern of Versailles; gardens, vistas, pools, statues, balustrades, and all. Just who will occupy the new castle is a secret, but its future occupants will presumably be English and presumably royal. The natives whisper that perhaps "'e's" really coming back, after all.

**Because rumors—not news items, not established facts, but mere rumors —play so important a part in the life of today,* LITERARY DIGEST *presents this department. The items are not printed as serious predictions, nor do the editors vouch for their accuracy. No claim is made for them except that they are interesting and current. Take them for what they are worth.*

The Spice of Life

(Title registered U. S. Patent Office)

Screen Stand-bys—"So you won't talk, eh, Rastelli? Waal, mebbe this lead pipe will smoke it outta ya!"

"No, no, no—you mustn't die! I won't let you! I won't let you!"

"Could I go on this way—day after day—without wanting you?"

"Lieutenant, bar that door! Someone in this room has murdered old Lemuel Clambake!"

"I hate you! I hate you!! I hate you!!!"—John Chapman in *New York Daily News.*

Concentration—A parrot was sitting in the salon of a luxurious liner watching a magician do tricks. The magician served notice that he was now going to do a trick never before accomplished. He pulled up his sleeves and proceeded to make a few fancy gestures. Just at that moment the ship's boilers blew up. Five minutes later, as the parrot came to, floating on a piece of driftwood, he muttered: "Damn clever, damn clever."—*West Point Pointer.*

Caspar Milquetoast—I saw one of Webster's "Timid Souls" in real life at the Marguery the other evening. He came in hatless, but as he went out he gave the hat check girl a nickel.—O. O. McIntyre in *Philadelphia Record.*

Movies—In Hollywood Gene Fowler set himself up in a resplendent hotel and prepared to tilt against the people of an industry for which he held nothing but cosmic contempt. Of mornings he would descend to the lobby of his sumptuous inn, caparisoned in striped pants, cutaway coat, and high silk hat. He would march to the street and raise an imperious finger. The austere brass-buttoned doorman would step to an areaway, wheel forth a shining bicycle. At the curb the regal Mr Fowler would mount to the saddle and pedal off to the studio, where the gateman steadied the bike ceremoniously as the company's newest script writer dismounted in full dignity.—H. Allen Smith in *New York World-Telegram.*

Morning After—Telephone voice: "Hello."

Telephone voice: "Hello."

Telephone voice: "How are you this morning?"

Telephone voice: "All right."

Telephone voice: "Sorry, wrong number."—*Columbia Jester.*

Prosperity Note—Things were very bad on Wall Street. The market had just taken another downward plunge. The dejected broker could stand it no longer. He left his office and dropped into a corner coffee pot.

He fished around in his pocket until he found a solitary nickel, and three pennies.

"Cup of coffee," he mumbled.

"Yes, sir," chirped the counterman. He filled a cup and placed it before the disheartened broker.

"Try some of our delicious doughnuts?" suggested the counterman.

The broker hesitated.

"What are they selling for?" he asked.

"Three for ten," smiled the counterman.

The broker sighed.

"Okay," he nodded. "Let me have two—on margin!"—Mark Hellinger in *New York Daily Mirror.*

Sanitary, At Least—Them veils the women now wear are no good. My wife got one and I can tell you they're no good. It's just like kissin' a woman through a screen door.—Cal Tinney in the *New York Post.*

Give Him Time—His first day on the job, the colored hallboy dashed excitedly up to the register desk.

"De man in room seben has done hang himself!"

Clerk: "Hanged himself? Did you cut him down?"

Hall Boy: "No, sah! He ain't dead yet!"—*Ohio Motorist.*

Brute Force—One of those Helen Hokinson club ladies was walking down Fifth Avenue recently with a miniature Pekinese on a leash. A huge van was pulled up to the curb and a pair of hulking mechanics were banging away at the engine, trying to get it started. When the lady and the tiny dog came alongside, one of the moving men advanced toward them, politely lifting his hat.

"Lady, could we borrow your dog for a minute?"

The lady was startled: "Why, what are you going to do with it?"

"Hitch him up to the truck to get it started."

"How idiotic! A little dog like that couldn't pull that big truck."

"Oh, that's all right, lady," said the man, with complete assurance. "We got whips."—*Froth.*

"Here's your tram ticket. I wouldn't want you to have to walk home, and anyway I always travel first class."—*Moustique, Charleroi*

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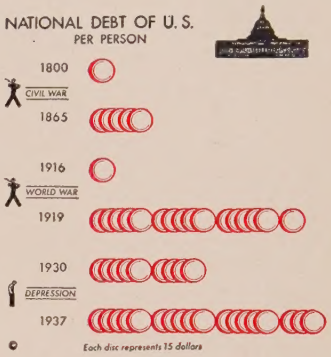

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